

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE



UNITED STATES




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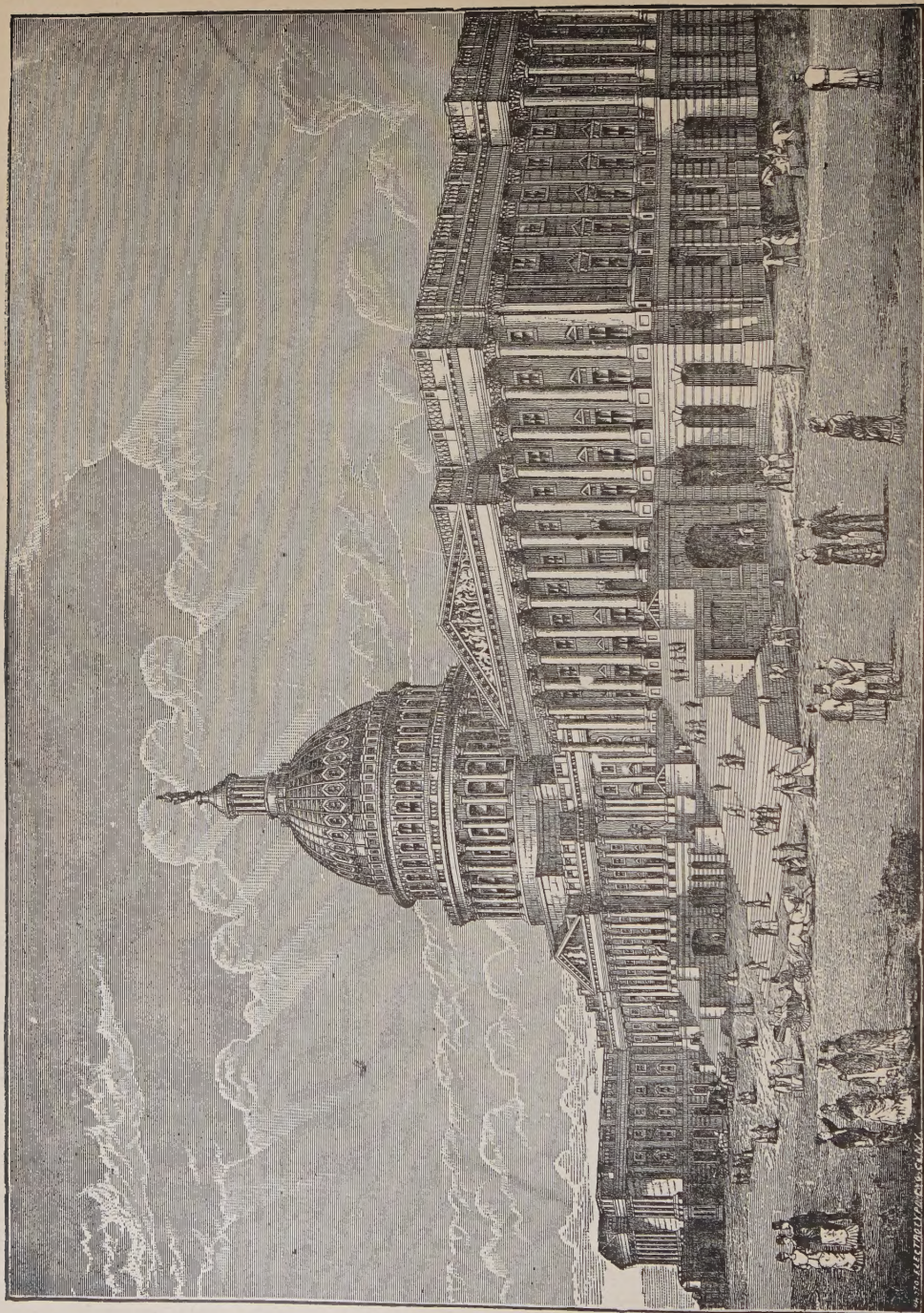


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THE CAP-I-TOL AT WASH-ING-TON.

LIVES OF THE
PRESIDENTS
OF THE
UNITED STATES

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

BY

MRS. HELEN W. PIERSON

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, IN WORDS OF ONE
SYLLABLE," AND ALSO OF HISTORIES OF FRANCE,
OF GERMANY, AND OF ENGLAND.

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IN UNIFORM STYLE,

Words of One Syllable.

ILLUSTRATED.

HISTORY OF UNITED STATES
LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS OF
THE UNITED STATES
HISTORY OF ENGLAND
HISTORY OF FRANCE
HISTORY OF GERMANY
HISTORY OF IRELAND
HISTORY OF RUSSIA
HISTORY OF JAPAN
HISTORY OF THE OLD TESTA-
MENT
HISTORY OF THE NEW TESTA-
MENT
HISTORY OF THE BATTLES OF
AMERICA
HEROES OF HISTORY

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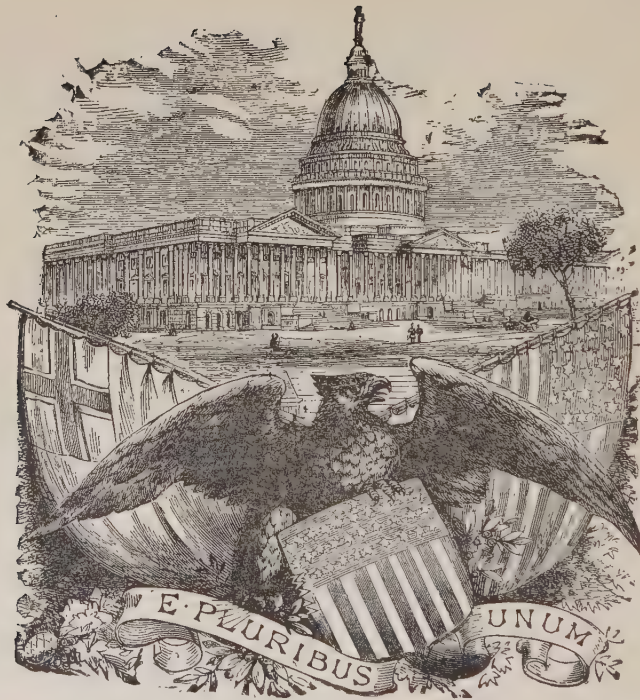
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PREFATORY.

In these "Lives of the Presidents of the United States," it has been thought best to depart from the strictly one-syllable style, by using the past tense of certain verbs. This has been done with those which are pronounced as one syllable.

It will be readily understood that many matters of statecraft—tariff, nullification and important political movements—have been excluded from this volume as beyond the limits of one syllable. But such matters are also beyond the comprehension of the little ones who may gain from this book their first knowledge of those who have occupied the chief place in our nation.



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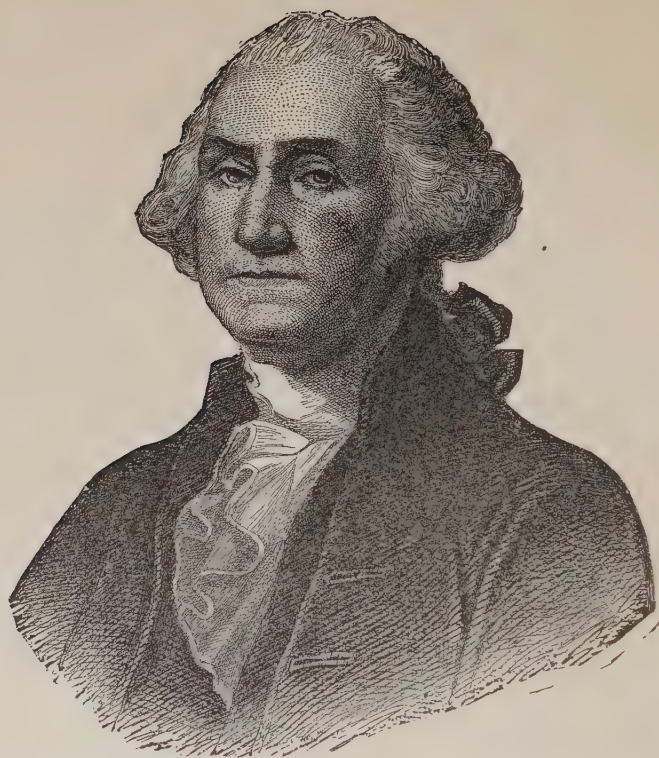
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TABLE OF THE PRESIDENTS.

NO.	PRESIDENT.	STATE.	BORN.	DIED.	TERM OF OFFICE.	BY WHOM ELECTED.	VICE-PRESIDENT.	SECRETARY OF STATE.
1	George Washington..	Virginia.....	1732	1799	Two terms; 1789-1797	Whole people.	John Adams....	Thomas Jefferson. Edmund Randolph. Timothy Pickering. Timothy Pickering. James Marshall. James Madison.
2	John Adams.....	Massachusetts	1735	1826	One term; 1797-1801..	Federalists....	Thos. Jefferson..	Robert Smith. James Monroe. John Quincy Adams
3	Thomas Jefferson....	Virginia.....	1743	1826	Two terms; 1801-1809	Republicans	Aaron Burr.....	Henry Clay. Martin Van Buren. Edward Livingston.
4	James Madison.....	Virginia.....	1751	1836	Two terms; 1809-1817	Republicans	George Clinton...	Louis McLane. John Forsyth.
5	James Monroe.....	Virginia.....	1758	1831	Two terms; 1817-1825	Republicans	George Clinton...	John Forsyth.
6	John Quincy Adams.	Massachusetts	1767	1848	One term; 1825-1829..	All parties....	Elbridge Gerry..	Daniel Webster.
7	Andrew Jackson... ..	Tennessee...	1767	1845	Two terms; 1829-1837	House of Rep.	Dan'l D. Tompkins	Hugh S. Legare. Abel P. Usher.
8	Martin Van Buren....	New York.....	1782	1862	One term; 1837-1841..	Democrats...	John C. Calhoun	John C. Calhoun.
9	William H. Harrison	Ohio.....	1773	1841	One month; 1841.....	Democrats...	Mart. Van Buren	James Buchanan.
10	John Tyler.....	Virginia.....	1790	1862	3 yrs. and 11 months; 1841-1845..	Whigs.....	Rich'd M. Johnson	John M. Clayton.
11	James K. Polk.....	Tennessee....	1795	1849	One term; 1845-1849..	Whigs.....	John Tyler.....	Daniel Webster.
12	Zachary Taylor.....	Louisiana.....	1784	1850	1 year and 4 months; 1849-1850..	Democrats...	George M. Dallas..	Edward Everett.
13	Millard Fillmore....	New York....	1800	1874	2 years and 8 months; 1850-1853..	Whigs.....	Millard Fillmore	William L. Macy.
14	Franklin Pierce.....	N. Hampshire	1804	1869	One term; 1853-1857..	Whigs.....	William R. King..	{ Lewis Cass. Jeremiah S. Black.
15	James Buchanan.....	Pennsylvania.	1791	1868	One term; 1857-1861..	Democrats...	J. C. Breckenridge	William H. Seward.
16	Abraham Lincoln....	Illinois.....	1809	1865	1 term and 1 month; 1861-1865..	Republicans	Hannibal Hamlin.	William H. Seward.
17	Andrew Johnson...	Tennessee....	1808	1875	3 yrs. and 11 months; 1865-1869..	Republicans	Andrew Johnson..	William H. Seward.
18	Ulysses S. Grant....	Illinois.....	1822	1885	Two terms; 1869-1877	Republicans	Schuyler Colfax..	Elihu B. Washburne.
19	Rutherford B. Hayes	Ohio.....	1822	1893	One term; 1877-1881..	Republicans	Henry Wilson....	Hamilton Fish.
20	James A. Garfield...	Ohio.....	1831	1881	Six mos. and 15 days..	Republicans	Wm. A. Wheeler.	James G. Blaine.
21	Chester A. Arthur...	New York....	1830	1886	3 yrs. 5 mos. 15 days..	Republicans	Chester A. Arthur	F. T. Frelinghuysen.
22	Grover Cleveland....	New York....	1837	...	One term; 1885-1889..	Democrats...	Thos. A. Hendricks	Thos. F. Bayard.
23	Benjamin Harrison...	Indiana.....	1833	...	One term; 1889-1893..	Republicans...	Levi P. Morton...	James G. Blaine....
24	Grover Cleveland....	New York....	1837	...	One term; 1893-1897..	Democrats...	Adlai Stevenson...	Walter Q. Gresham..
25	William McKinley...	Ohio.....	1843	Republicans...	Garret A. Hobart...	John Sherman



George Washington

Lives of the Presidents.

CHAPTER I.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

1789 to 1797.



IN Vir-gin-i-a, near the banks of the stream we call the Po-to-mac, there is a spot known as Bridges' Creek. It is so small a place that you can not call it a town, and yet it is dear to the hearts of A-mer-i-cans, for here, on the 22d of Feb-ru-a-ry, 1732, George Wash-ing-ton was born. A few fig trees are still seen, and here and there a wild rose peeps out of the weeds to show you that once on a time a home was there. A few loose bricks and bits of lime still lie on the ground where the old

farm-house once stood. In 1815 a small stone slab was put there to mark the spot.

The coat-of-arms of the Wash-ing-tons was a white shield with two red bars on it, and on top were three stars, so that the whole was like the stars and stripes, in a way. When George was three years old the Wash-ing-tons left this home and went to live in a low red house on a hill near Fred-e-ricks-burg

The tale of the way in which George cut the fruit tree has been told all through the years to the small folks of this land, to show his love of truth. He had been brought up to tell the truth, and to do what was right at all times. One who was near kin to him tells the tale: "One fine day," she said, "when George was five years old, his Pa took us both by the hand and bade us come with him to look at the fruit trees. The whole earth was strewn with the fruit. But there was one tree that had not borne in the past, and was a choice kind. This was found to be cut. George hung back. 'Who has done this?' said Mr. Wash-ing-ton, in a rage, for the bark of the tree had been cut in such a way that one could not hope for fruit for years. The small boy came forth in a brave way: 'I did it, Pa. I can not tell a lie, I cut it,' he said. Mr. Wash-ing-ton was so struck by this show of truth on the

part of his son that his rage left him, and he felt more proud than he had been of his boy."

George, from the time he was quite a small lad, kept

a book in which he wrote down all the things that took place in his life. When George was scarce a man in years he took charge of some troops sent out to save his State from the bands of fierce Indians and the hosts of



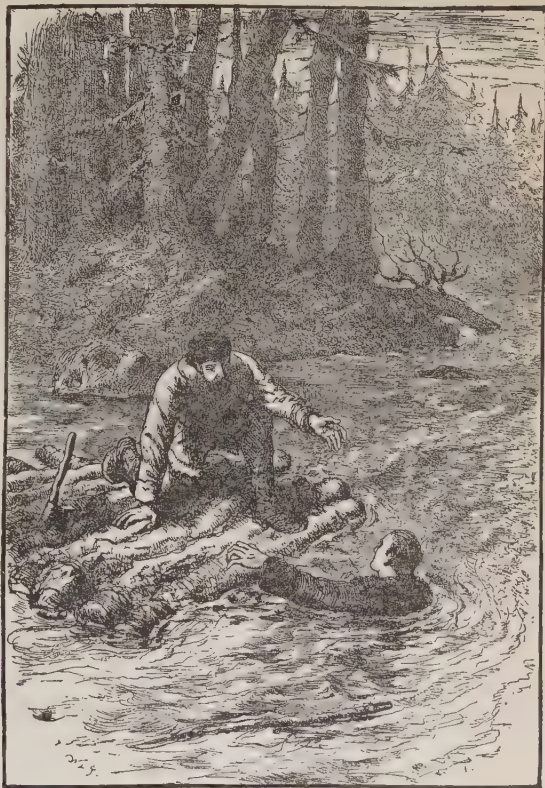
WASH-ING-TON AND HIS MOTH-ER.

French who sought to steal more land. One fourth of all the State troops were put in his charge, and for his work in this line he got a small pay that in our day would scarce be thought what a strong man

could live on. He did a good deal of hard work to train his men in the right way for the fight. He had just got his men so that they could well cope with the foe, when word came from the head of the State that bade him start on a new task. It had been heard that the French and In-dians had gone to work to build forts in a long line on the O-hi-o. To find out if this was so, Wash-ing-ton was sent to the front with a note to the chief man of the French troops. Though it was cold and bleak, young Wash-ing-ton did not shrink at the task set for him. He well knew at the time that most of his way would lead through dark woods by bad roads for miles and miles, but he did not flinch. Wash-ing-ton had four men with him when he made the start—a guide to show him the way and one who knew how to speak French, with two men to guard their goods and to do all the odd kinds of work there might be on hand. A hard time they had of it at first, as their way led through swamp and mire. At last they found the fort of which they were in search. Here Wash-ing-ton had a long talk with the chief of the French troops, who was a man who had been long in wars. Though kind, he was very firm when his rights were at stake. George did not gain much by this trip, as he was told that the French had all the land round

neath their thumbs. They had sent out word to seize all men found at large who did not prove they were friends. When Wash-ing-ton got the note he was to take back, he made his way, with his men, home once more. It was more cold than when they had made their start, for the snow and ice lay thick on field and stream, and it was hard to get through it all. At one time they had to ford a stream by means of a raft, and Wash-ing-ton made a slip from the damp logs. If he had not been caught by one of his men he might have lost his life.

The way in which Wash-ing-ton had done his task won him much praise, and the head of his State went so far as to make a note of his act to the King of En-gland. He was at once made a Col-o-nel, and two bands of troops were put in his



charge to stop the French who sought to seize more land. As George Wash-ing-ton had no gold with which to pay his men, and as the State did not try to help him, it was not strange that in his first fight he did not win the day, though he strove hard and well to turn the tide. The head of the French troops praised George and his men for the brave way in which they had fought, and his own State at once sent him some gold to pay his troops. It was not long from this time that George took charge of a part of the troops of Gen-er-al Brad-dock. This was thought at the time to be quite a high post, so you may be sure he was not long in doubt if he should take it.

It was in the month of June, 1755, that the troops made their way to Fort Du-quesne, where they were to stay. They had scarce been on the road a day ere Wash-ing-ton fell sick ; but he kept up like a brave man, and in spite of his friends would march at the head of his men.

Wash-ing-ton knew so well the tricks of the shrewd foe they had to deal with, that he wished Brad-dock to let him take the lead with those men who knew the In-dians' ways best ; but he would not. Brad-dock had cause soon to know his course had been wrong, for the woods were thick with In-dians, who rent the air with their shrieks and

war-whoops. From rocks and trees they sprang on the troops like wild beasts. Wash-ing-ton had his horse shot and Brad-dock got such a wound that there was no hope for his life. They had to flee from the foe and he died on the way. His last words were to Wash-ing-ton: "Oh! if I had but done as you said, all might have been well—or at least our loss would not have been so great." He left Wash-ing-ton a horse that had been with him through the wars and an old slave whom he had brought up to serve him.

When the news of this fight was brought to Govern-or Din-wid-die, there was great fear of the In-dians now that they had shown how strong they were. They knew, too, that if it had not been for Wash-ing-ton, their hopes would all be lost. "Brad-dock lost the fight," they said, "but Wash-ing-ton was the one who saved the troops."

When the heads of the State met they made a vote to give Wash-ing-ton a large sum, to pay, if they could, for all he had done for them; and they made him the chief of all the troops in the col-o-nies. His first step was to place his men so that they could stop the In-dians when they tried to rob and burn the homes of the land. He did this so well that he got much praise for his work. To aid him in this task he made all his men dress in the same



On Washington

garb as the In-dians. This was a great help to them, as it was light and cheap. On the 17th of Jan-u-a-ry, 1759, Wash-ing-ton was wed to Mrs. Mar-tha Cus-tis, who was as good as she was fair. He spent three months with his wife at their home, which was known as "The White House," in New Kent, and at the close of that year they kept house at Mount Ver-non, his old place. While here, Wash-ing-ton gave much time to the care of his farm, but he still held in view the state of things in our land, and did not lose sight of the great moves of the day in the cares of home life.

At this time men felt that the rule of En-gland was a hard yoke to bear, as the



MOUNT VER-NON.

tax on goods made here was quite high. Lord North sought to make this tax more than it had been, with not so much as a word to our folk till it was done. It was not strange, then, that all who were free born should feel that this was a great wrong that was thrust on them, and that they



BOS-TON TEA PAR-TY.

would not stand it. They did not mind as long as En-gland was just in her rule, but they did not like to have the King treat them as slaves.

So they got in-to a rage with the sense of their wrongs, and said they would have their rights, which was but just. They tore down the homes of those in their midst who were on the side of the Brit-ish,

and sought to kill those who would force on them the "Stamp Act," the tax they had cause to hate.

The mob was full of rage, and there was great fear that a war would take place if England did not at once put a stop to the Stamp Act. They still kept up the tax of three pence a pound on



"TO ARMS! TO ARMS!"

tea, and sent three ships here full; but our men one night broke the chests and threw it all in the sea.

From that time signs of war were seen, and the first fight took place at Lexington, on the Lord's Day, between British and American troops; and

then the cry went out through the length and breadth of our land : "To arms ! To arms !"

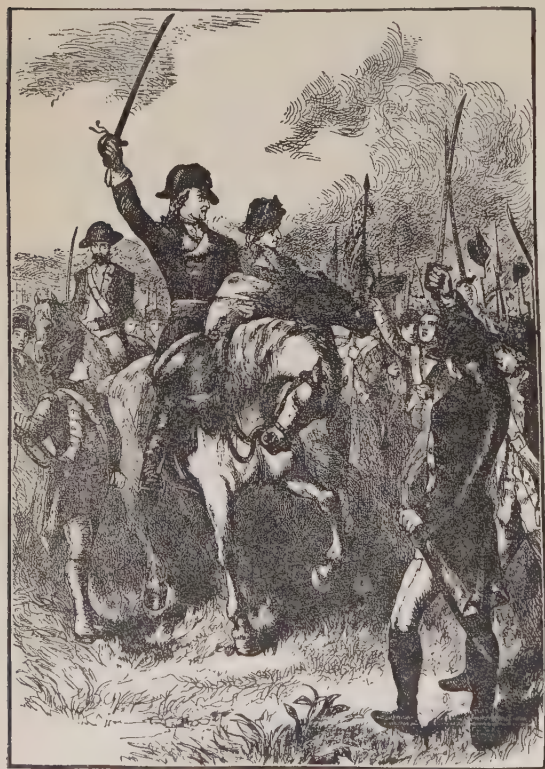
In view of this fear of a great war that might soon come, men met at Phil-a-del-phi-a on May 10, 1775, and Wash-ing-ton was made chief of all our troops. He took full charge of them in the latter part of June in the same year, near Bos-ton.

The Brit-ish had thrown up earth-works on the hills on all sides, so that help would be cut off from the town, and the plight of those who had to bear this siege was in truth a sad one.

As soon as Wash-ing-ton could train his raw troops he made out to get rid of the foe, and one morn the Brit-ish got quite a shock when they saw that a new line of earth-works had been thrown up by him and his men in the night, and that he was in the best place, too. This they saw with fear, and sent troops by night to drive off our men ; but a storm was in their way, so they could not do much harm. When the Brit-ish saw that they could not force our men to go, they thought it best to leave Bos-ton with their ships, which was done.

When our troops went in the town they found its streets strewn with things the Brit-ish had left in their haste. All the great guns had spikes in them so that they were of no use. But Wash-ing-ton was glad to think he had won the day, and

much praise was his for the part he had in the work. He had a fear that the British troops might be on their way to New York, so he sent part of



WASH-ING-TON READ-ING THE DEC-LA-RATION
OF IN-DE-PEND-ENCE TO THE AR-MY.

his men to aid those there in case they should have to fight for their homes. But in-stead of that the British ships made sail for Hal-i-fax, from whence their troops took all the line of forts in Can-a-da and made the land theirs.

It was at this time that Rich-ard Hen-ry Lee, of Vir-gin-i-a, made a move in Con-gress that our land should rise up and say it would be free from British rule; and for this was drawn up the

Dec-la-tion of In-de-pend-ence, and the chief men of the day put their names to it, and Con-gress, on the Fourth of Ju-ly, 1776, put it in force.

When Wash-ing-ton got this he read it in a loud

voice to all his troops, and its strong words did much to raise their hopes. For some time they had feared that they could not stand or gain their rights with such a foe as En-gland, but they took heart from this time.

Lord Howe, the En-glish gov-ern-or, tried to get Wash-ing-ton to draw off his men, and sent to him word that if he would stop the war the King would not be hard on him for the part he took in it. But Wash-ing-ton said, "No ; I fight for a just cause, and I will not give it up."

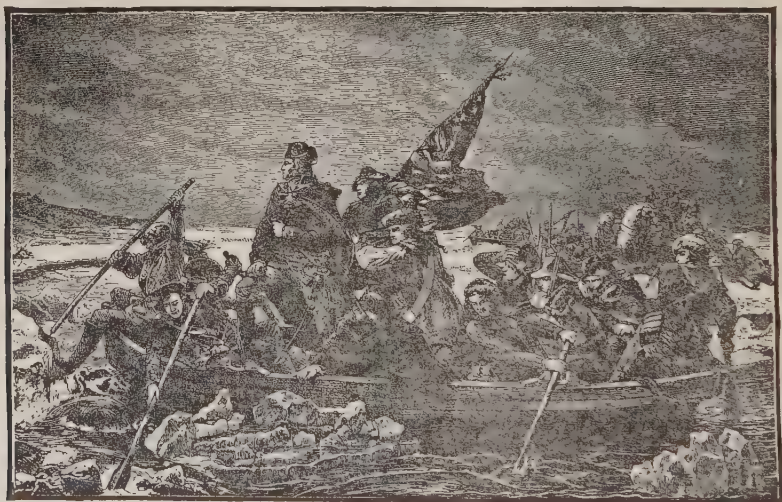
The Brit-ish then went in for war and had all their troops land at Long Isl-and. They had three times more men than Wash-ing-ton and a host of large guns, while he had few. Wash-ing-ton stood on a hill near by and through his field-glass saw them land. He felt great fear in his heart as he made a count of the hordes of the foe. He cried out, as he thought of his own troops, "My God ! What brave men must I this day lose !"

From that time it would seem that all went wrong for him. Our ranks were mown down and great loss of life took place as they sought to flee from the foe.

It was not long from this time that the dread news came to Wash-ing-ton that Gen-er-al Lee, who had been sent with a body of troops to guard

Phil-a-del-phi-a was in the hands of the foe. This was the dark hour of the fight, and Wash-ing-ton's brave heart was sick with fear. He still tried to show a brave front, and did not let his men know how sad was his heart.

The Brit-ish now took up their stand at Tren-ton,



WASH-ING-TON CROSS-ING THE DEL-A-WARE.

and Wash-ing-ton, who by this time had got more troops to his aid, thought he would cross the Del-a-ware, though it was full of ice, and come on them when they did not know it.

At four, on the dawn of Christ-mas day, he and his troops made their way through the ice in the stream in boats. The cold was great and the men in their poor clothes felt it a great deal, but still

they would not back out, and kept on their way with brave hearts.

That day our troops put the foe to rout and took a great deal of spoils in the way of arms and large guns, for which they stood in great need. Great was the joy through the land when this news was known.

When the new year came fresh hope sprang up in all hearts, for Wash-ington won the fights at Ben-ning-ton, Still-wa-ter, and Sar-a-to-ga, and in Oc-to-ber of 1777 all the Brit-ish troops in charge of Gen-er-al Bur-goyne gave up their arms to Gen-er-al Gates. He let them go home when he had their pledge that they would not take up arms in our war in the years to come.

That year, when the cold set in, Wash-ington made a camp with his men in Val-ley Forge, and a hard time they had of it there. Food was scarce, and not a man in all his ranks had a good pair of shoes on his feet or a whole suit of clothes too his back. Some had no shoes at all, and when they went round their feet left stains of blood on the snow. Yet they all kept their hopes up and still had faith in Wash-ington. In the spring the camp in this drear place broke up, and all were glad to leave it.

Our troops met the foe once more at Mon-mouth

Court House, and through the fault of Gen-ér-al Lee, who had not done as Wash-ing-ton bade him, we lost the bat-tle.

In this fight the Mar-quis de La-fay-ette, a young man from France who had come to our land to fight



WASH-ING-TON AT WEST POINT (NEW YORK)

for our cause, which he knew to be just, got much praise for the brave stand he made.

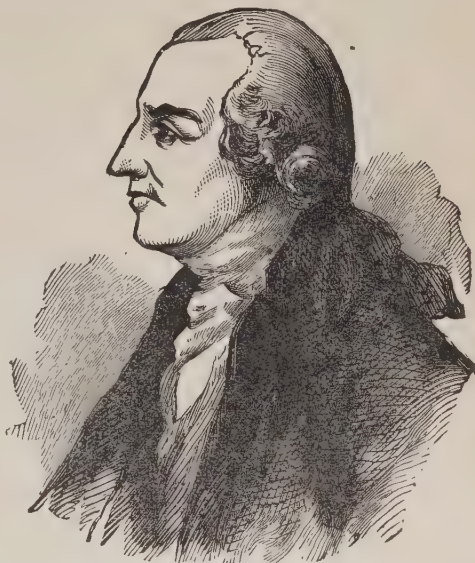
In the spring of 1779 Sir Hen-ry Clin-ton, now the head of the Brit-ish troops, tried to get in his hands the posts and forts on the line of the

Hud-son. He made out to take two when Wash-
ing-ton came up in time to cut him off from the rest.
One of these forts, which was known as Ston-y
Point, was won at the end of a long fight. Stores
that were worth a small mint of gold fell into our
hands.

Ben-e-dict Ar-nold
had been put in charge
of the fort at West Point
and some posts on the
line that the Brit-ish
wished to get. He made
up his mind to give them
up to the foe at a price.

With this thought in
view, he soon made a
deal with the chief of the
foe to give up the posts
and forts for a large sum
of gold. The note to
Clin-ton in which he

made his wish known was sent by a young spy,
Ma-jor An-dré, of the Brit-ish troops. On the
way back to his fort An-dré met three men in
the dress of our troops and was made to halt. They
found the lines from Ar-nold in his boots, and
brought him to the camp of our troops. He was



B. Arnold M. Genl

tried and hung as a spy. Wash-ington felt sad



MA-JOR AN-DRÉ.

that he must cut this young man off in the prime of his life. Yet he knew he must do it or our ranks would soon be run down by such men. But Ben-e-dict Ar-nold had by this time made his way in great haste to a ship and set sail for En-gland, for he was in fear of his life. His name is one that all hear with scorn, as a wretch who

would have sold his land into the hands of the foe. The land to which he fled gave him a home, but no friends. Let us not speak of him in the same breath as those brave men who fought and bled that we might live in the land of the free.

With the help of the troops of brave French who had been sent to us through La-fay-ette, Oc-to-ber 19th, 1781, the Brit-ish troops, in charge of Corn-wal-lis, gave up their arms to Wash-ing-ton at York-town. This was a great stroke of luck that no one could have thought would take place.

It was not long from this time that news was brought to Wash-ing-ton that it was the wish of our folk that he should take on him the name and crown of a *King*. This might well tempt one fond of pomp and state, but Wash-ing-ton was not that kind of a man. He spoke his mind in such strong words that they did not press a crown on him.

In March of 1783 came the news of peace through the land, which Wash-ing-ton read with joy to his troops. Yet he shed tears at the thought that they must soon leave him.

Not long from that time Wash-ing-ton gave up the charge of his troops and said good-by to those who were his aids in the war. "I may not come to each of you and take my leave," he said with tears

in his eyes, "but I shall be glad if you each will come to me and let me grasp you by the hand."

Wash-ington now had a wish to go back to his home at Mount Ver-non, where he could rest from

the toils and cares of war. He knew that there was no fear of the Brit-ish, and that our land, for the time at least, was in peace.

At Mount Ver-non he gave his time up, for the most part, to the care of his farm. He rose at the break of day, as a rule, and rode through the fields. He wrote a great deal each day to his friends, and did much hard work on his place, which he did not find was



TOMB OF WASH-ING-TON'S MOTH-ER.

in so good a state since the war.

When our men met in Phil-a-del-phi-a in May, 1787, to fix on the laws of the land, Wash-ington met with them; and the laws then fixed on and put

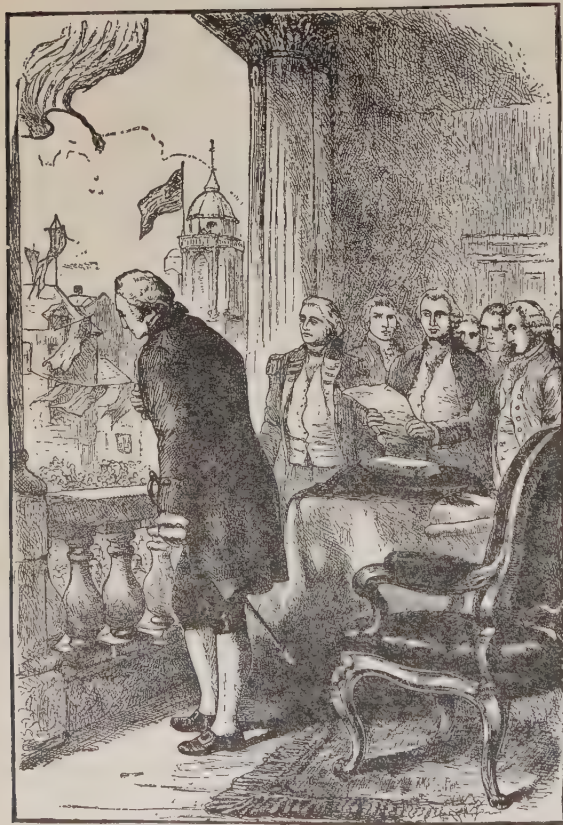
in force are much the same as those we use to-day. Then Wash-ing-ton was at once thought of as the right man for Pres-i-dent. You know the way we choose a Pres-i-dent in this land is by votes. All men do not think the same way or hold the same views, so there have been at all times two or more bands of men who chose whom they would have for Pres-i-dent and Vice-Pres-i-dent. The side that gets the most votes wins the day, of course. In our day these two bands of men are known as Dem-o-crats and Re-pub-li-cans. In years



WASH-ING-TON'S JOUR-NEY

past the last were known by the name of Whigs at one time. Wash-ing-ton did not wish, at his age (near three-score), to take a place of such great care and trust, but he was led to do so at last. On his way to take this high place he was hailed with joy by all. The bells rang out glad peals from the church spires of the towns through which he passed,

and young girls clad in white strewed his path with sweet buds and bloom, and wreaths were hung and flags flung out to the breeze, and the cries of crowds rent the air.



IN-STALL-A-TION OF WASH-ING-TON.

While Pres-i-dent Wash-ing-ton lived in a plain way (for pomp and show were not to his taste), he was prompt in his ways, and did all things by rule. He was kind to those who served him, but strict, and would not let them slight their work. When one of his clerks who came late each day gave as a cause more than once that his watch was slow, he said to him : "Well, you must get a new

watch, or I must get a new clerk."

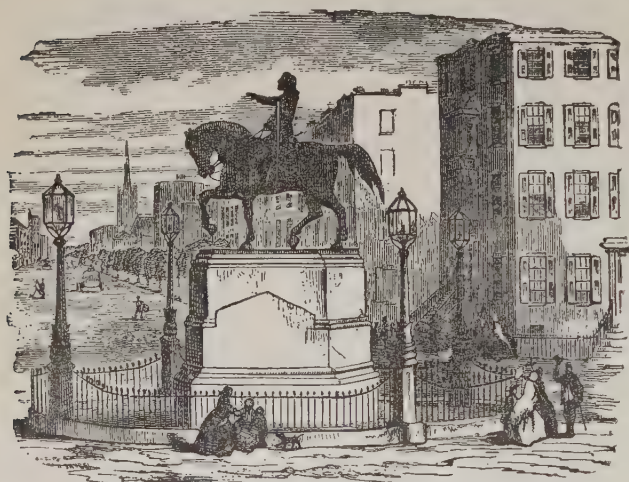
The In-dians once more stirred up war and Wash-ing-ton sent out a small force to bring them to terms. He served two terms, but would not take a third.

Wash-ing-ton spent the last years of his life in peace at home. A-mer-i-ca could ask no more from his hands — his work was done. His arm had been the one to save her in the dark hours that came ere the dawn that made us free, and now he must have rest. On the 12th day of De-cem-ber, 1799, he went out to take a ride. At noon the snow fell and the rain, but he went his rounds just the same, in spite of it. He had felt ere he went on this ride that his throat was sore, and no doubt he caught more cold as he made his rounds through the storm. He had to take to his bed, and it was with great pain that he could breathe. All known cures were tried, but in vain. The end was near. At ten in the night they gave up all hope, and his



COINS.

wife was brought to the couch where the brave man lay in pain. He tried to speak once or twice,



WASH-ING-TON'S MON-U-MENT IN NEW YORK.

but did not have the strength. At length he said, in a low voice that was full of hope for the life to come, "'Tis well, 'tis well!" These were his last words. What a wail went up from far and near when

the sad news was known. More than one strong man cried like a child. The Old World and the New heard of his death with grief. They felt that a great man was lost to the world when that brave heart had ceased to beat. His name is held dear to this day in the hearts of all who live in the land he loved. His birth-day has been kept each year since he died, and throngs have gone to look at his tomb at Mount Ver-non, and felt it to be a boon to stand by the spot where the great man lies.

As we have said, Wash-ing-ton did not think it wise to serve for a third term. There is no doubt that this course led Jef-fer-son and the rest who

came af-ter him, to feel that it was best to walk in his steps and serve but for eight years. So that now we have grown to look on two terms as all that a Pres-i-dent should hope for at the hands of his friends.

When Gen-er-al Grant, at the close of the war in which he had won so much fame, was placed at the head of the land, he served two terms. There was some talk of a third. His friends felt that they could not do too much to show their love and pride in the man who had led our troops so well and put an end to the sad war. But there was a cry raised by the press that though it was not down in the law of the land, yet it was a fixed fact that no one had ruled for more than eight years, and no one should hope to do so. So the friends of Grant feared to bring his name out, though they were in such force they might have won the day. There were some well known names kept back till it was seen that Grant would not be named. Gar-field's was one, and it was at last voted on and won the first place.

CHAPTER II.

JOHN ADAMS.

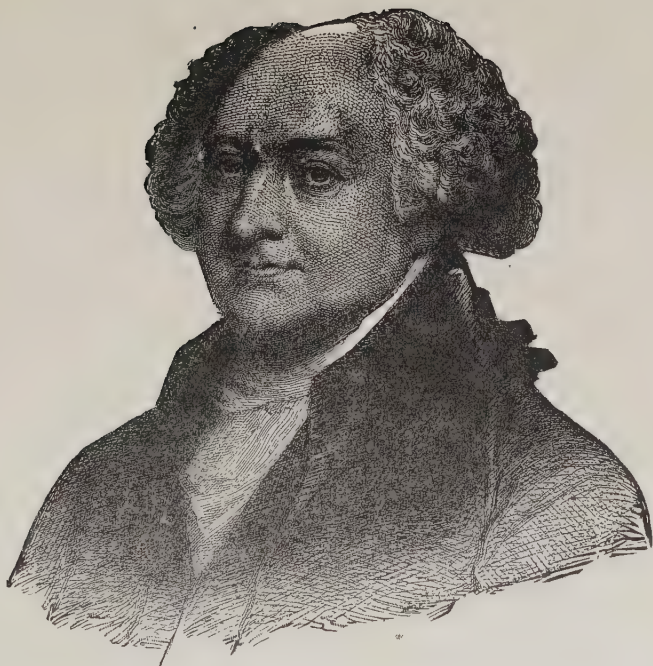
1797 to 1801.

JOHN ADAMS, our next Pres-i-dent, was born on a farm in Brain-tree, Mas-sa-chu-setts, near Bos-ton, in 1735, and was the son of one who tilled the ground for his bread. The first thing John was taught was how to care for the fields and feed and take charge of the beasts on the farm.

In the cold months of the year, he was sent to the old school-house near by, to learn to read and write. From the start he showed signs that there was in him what goes to make up a great man.

He went through Har-vard Col-lege, and worked for what he lived on, as he read law for two years or more at a school near Wor-ces-ter. The pay was poor and not what a young man could live on in our times, but he was glad to get it, as it helped him to reach his aim in life.

It had been his first wish to learn how to



John Adams.

preach the Word of God, but he found he could not put his heart in the creed that was then in use.

He went into the Bar in 1758, but still lived at home on the farm at Brain-tree. He is said to



HAR-VARD COL-LEGE, AT CAM-BRIDGE, MASS-A-CHU-SETTS

have been a man of great mind and bright thoughts ; to have had a clear voice, sweet and strong, and his speech was full of grace.

He showed then that he was to be a man who

could lead and rule, and his words were sure to move all who heard him speak.

When the "Stamp Act" passed in 1764, he took his first real turn at the laws of the land, and when a mass of folks from his town met to talk of this Act,



THE STAMP ACT.

he made a speech, and sent to those at the head of his State his views on it. He first put his thoughts into print a year from that time, when he brought out a work on law that gained him much praise, if not gold.

The same year the men in Bos-ton bade him,

with the help of two more friends, to get up a plea to the head of the State, in which they asked that the courts of the law, which had been closed, should be once more made free to all.

In three years he moved from his old home to Bos-ton, where he soon gained a large sum by his work in law, which grew each year that he was there.

He was soon known as one of the most famed in law of his time and his help was asked for when a grave case came up in the courts.

When the Brit-ish fired on the mob at Bos-ton in 1770, he took his stand and put the case in a fair way, that the folks in their blind rage could not judge with cool minds.

LIB-ER-TY TREE (BOS-TON COM-MON).

From that time he was the one to whom all the heads of our land looked for aid in the dark days of the war. He showed them on all law points just what it was safe to do and how to put the law in force.

Mr. Ad-ams was one of the five men sent from his State to the first Con-gress. He plunged at once in the black stream of the Rev-o-lu-tion.

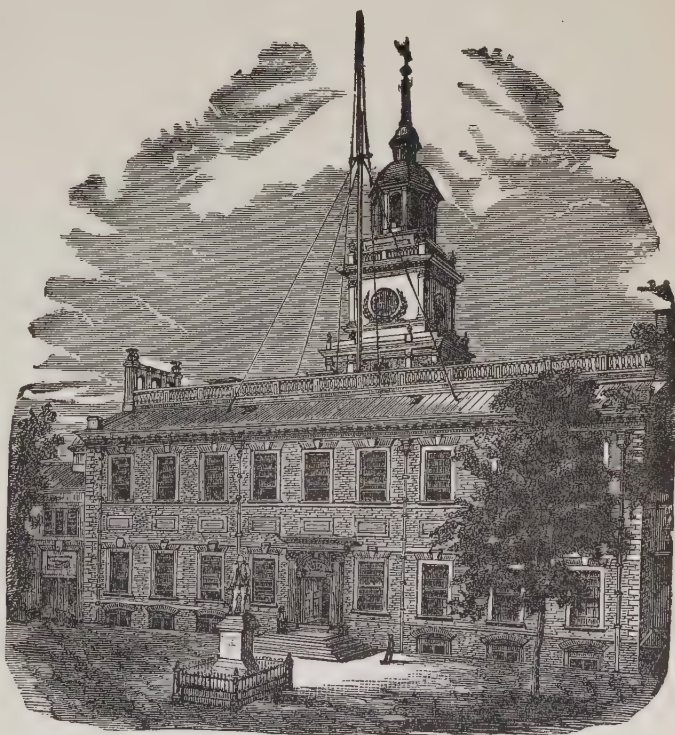


He had no fears for his own life, and was filled with a wish to aid his land in her hour of war.

To his friend he said at this time, "The die is now cast. I have passed the point from which I may not turn back. Sink or swim, live or die, I care not. It is still my wish to go straight on to the goal of my hopes."

In Congress he held full sway, and at his rule no one dared to raise a voice. They knew too well the man with whom they had to deal, and that they were not so strong as he in mind and thought, so they gave way to him.

It was not long ere he was raised to the head of that great band of great men, and we are told he



IN-DE-PEND-ENCE HALL IN PHIL-A-DEL-PHIA, WHERE THE
FIRST CON-GRESS WAS HELD.

proved just as wise and shrewd a man as his friends had hoped.

He wrote much for the press in these two years. His works were for the most part on the rights of our land. He was the first man in Congress to ask that George Wash-ington be placed at the head



IN-TE-RI-OR OF IN-DE-PEND-ENCE HALL IN 1876.

of our troops. He served for still a year more in Congress, and had a bill passed which gave the States self rule, and was one of the first to help get up the Dec-la-ration of In-de-pend-ence, and to sign it. It was his help more than that of those who worked with him that passed it, for there were

some men who tried to balk him in it and have the scheme thrown out. Jeffer-son gave him all the praise for it, and said that had it not been for him the Dec-la-ration would not have been signed.

Two years from this time he was one to form a

In 1755 I took a decided part against France and Great Britain too; thoroughly disgusted with ^{her} Ignorance, the Cowardice or Treachery of her Conduct of the War against Canada; This Indignation was much increased by her degrading Treatment of our Troops through the whole War.

In 1760 and 1761, upon the first Appearance of the Design of Great Britain to deprive us of our Liberties by asserting the Sovereign Authority of Parliament over us, I took a decided Part against her, and have persevered for Fifty five Years in opposing and resisting to ^{the} almost of my power every Instance of her Injustice, and arbitrary Power, towards us. I am Sir with much respect

your humble servant

John Adams

COP-Y OF AD-AMS' WRIT-ING.

new set of laws for his own State of Mas-sa-chu-setts. He was sent to France to get up a law that would leave their ports and those of En-gland free for our goods. He had the luck to have his bill signed, though he had to work hard for it, and then came home, where he was met with joy by the

friends who had hoped long for the news he brought them.

When Wash-ing-ton was made Pres-i-dent, Ad-ams was picked out as the best man in all the land as his chief aid in the rule of the States, and when Wash-ing-ton gained the chair for the next term of four years, Ad-ams took the same place once more.

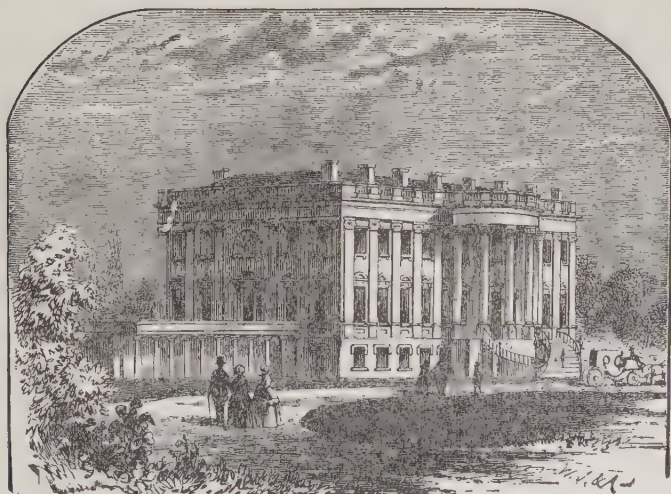
In 1796 Mr. Ad-ams was made Pres-i-dent, as he got the most votes that were cast. Jef-fer-son was the one who ran with him for the place and lost it by but three votes. He was then made Vice-Pres-i-dent. Ad-ams kept all the aids that Wash-ing-ton had and made no change, though some of these did not suit his mind. It was not till three years from that time that he took John Mar-shall on his staff to look to the laws of the States.

When Ad-ams ran once more for the Pres-i-den-cy he lost it by eight votes, and Thom-as Jef-fer-son took the chair to rule for four years. From the time that Ad-ams left his place as head of our land it seemed as if all his old friends turned from him, and that foes new and old seemed to spring up for him on all sides. The law that he had passed to seize and keep out of our States all who came here from strange lands made him foes. Those who had once been stirred by the sound of his voice

turned from him. His name had no weight in the land. It could not move the minds of the crowd who once had been proud of him.

At his home he wrote a book of his life, but he did not live to write the last of it. His death was at Quin-cy, Mas-sa-chu-sets, on the 4th of July, 1826, which, strange to say, was the same day that Jef-fer-son went to meet his God.

Ere Ad-ams died he had the good luck to see his son take his place as the head of the land in the chair he had once held.



WHITE HOUSE, WASH-ING-TON.

CHAPTER III.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

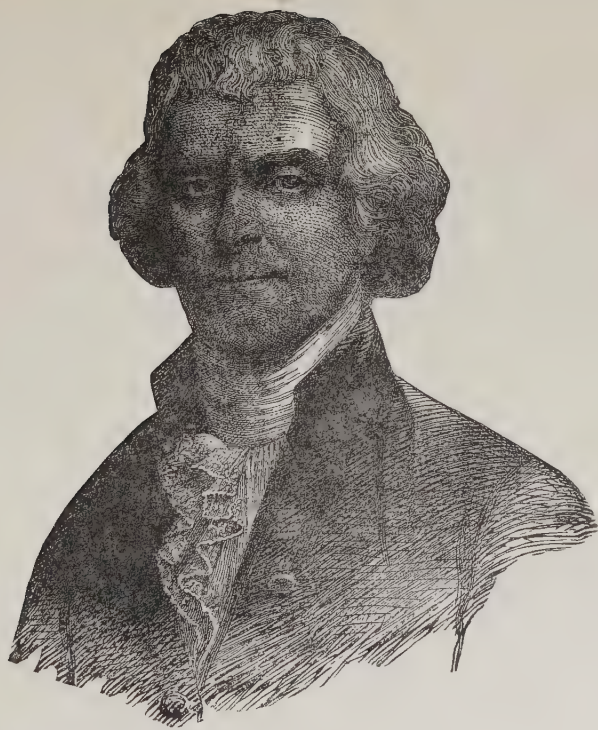
1801 to 1809.

THOM-AS JEF-FER-SON, who was our third Pres-i-
dent, was born at Shad-well, Vir-gin-i-a, in 1743.
Though said to have had, as a boy, no grace of face
or form, he still gave hopes that at some time he
would be a great man, for he was quite apt to learn.
At nine he was quite well read, and knew some
Greek. Eight years from that time he went in-to a
high class at Wil-liam and Ma-ry Col-lege.

Here he spent most of his time in hard work, and
would read up in his books for the whole day and
at times far in the small hours of the night. He
soon knew the speech of all lands of his day, and
got much praise from those who taught him.

While at this school he was a friend to Pat-rick
Hen-ry, who was known in time as one who could
sway the hearts of men with his words. He spoke
in a grand way when our first war broke out and
did much to stir up all that was brave in our land.

In time, Jef-fer-son had a five years' course at law,



Th. Jefferson.

and was one of the Bar. He soon let all know of what good stuff he was made. His fees were large, and in a year he made friends right and left. In 1760 he heard Pat-rick Hen-ry's great speech on the "Stamp Act." Two years from that time he took his seat in Con-gress, and step by step he rose to be a great man in the land. He had so fine a mind that he soon took the lead of all in that great band. He swayed the minds of all in the most grave things that came up, and showed that he was wise. It was he who helped draw up the Dec-la-ration of In-de-pend-ence that made us free. It was the fruit of his great mind and thought, and his name would live for that if he had not done a thing more for our land. Some months from the time he made the draft of this great scroll, he left Con-gress to take a part in the acts of his own State, and for two years and a half he gave up his time to fix on a safe plan her laws and rules, so that they would be more just and kind to all men.

When the men of his State saw what he had done to help them, they made him, in 1779, the Gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-i-a. He came to the chair next to his old friend, Pat-rick Hen-ry, and he held it through those dark days of the war when all hearts were full of pain and fear. He did much to

John Penn John Hancock John Hart
 Wm Lloyd Wm Parson
 Geo. Read Wm Hooper Saml Adams
 Steph Hopkins Thos Nelson Geo Clymer
 Thos Mear Charles Carroll of Carroll Thos Ellbridge Gerry
 Roger Sherman Saml Huntington
 Wm Whipple Thos Lynch Junr
 Geo Taylor Josiah Bartlett Ben Franklin
 Wm Williams Rich Stockton John Norton
 Oliver Wolcott Jas Witherspoon Gro. Ross
 Thos Stone Samuel Chase Robt Treat Paine
 George Wythe Matthew Thornton
 Fran Lewis Th Jefferson Ben Harrison
 Lewis Morris Abra Clark Phil Livingston
 Arthur Middleton Jas Hopkinson
 Geo Walton Carter Braaxton James Wilson
 Richard Henry Lee Thos Bayward Junr
 Benjamin Rush John Adams Robt Morris
 Lyman Hall Joseph Hewes Button Guinness
 Francis Lightfoot Lee
 William Ellery Edward Rutledge Jas Smith

raise the hopes of all and was a kind and just man to those who sought his help in the hour of need.

You may well think that in this "time that tried men's souls" he had his hands full of work. To watch those of his own State who had gone to the war, to care for those at home, and to keep the In-dians back when they sought to prey on those who had to live on the edge of the State. All this he had to do, and more. Yet in all that he tried he won in the end. He stopped the raids of his foes, and saw that no one who was born in the State should come to want through the war.

Jef-fer-son was Pres-i-dent eight years, and would not take a new term as the head of his State, though it was the wish of all that he should. He gave as his views that they were in need of a man just at that time who had more skill in the art of war than he, one who knew more how to guard their lands when dark days should come. Two days from the time that he left his seat his home and farm were laid waste by the foe, and he and his wife had scarce time to flee to a safe place.

For twelve days the State had no head, and the men that had met with the view to name one who should take Jef-fer-son's place had to fly from the foe that came in a swarm from west and north.

Some years la-ter Jef-fer-son was twice sent to

France to try and make terms of peace for our land and En-gland, and at last got them to pass a bill in which they said they would look on our land as free.

This was a great thing for us to gain, and Jef-fer-son had much praise for what he had done to bring it round. In Con-gress that year he brought a bill which was put in force. This gave us a coin of our own make in place of that made by the En-glish, which had till then been in use.



A Hamilton

Jef-fer-son had been one of Wash-ing-ton's aids when he was made Pres-i-dent, and had charge of the States. He had not been long in this place ere Ham-il-ton, whose work was to take care how the coin was made for the land, got in a broil of words with Jef-fer-son. This in time grew to be a strong feud 'twixt the two men. From what we can learn it was not the fault of Jef-fer-son, for he was a man known to be sweet and kind to his friends. It all came from the fact that

he did not hold the same views as Ham-il-ton on some points in the State laws. Ham-il-ton thought all was done to spite him.

Time went on, and, slow but sure, the breach grew wide 'twixt these men, who should have been friends. Then folks took sides with the two men, and they were known as Re-pub-li-cans and Fed-e-ral-ists. These two bands live to this day, with much the same names. Re-pub-li-cans then are Dem-o-crats now, and the then Fed-e-ral-ists are the Re-pub-li-cans now.

When En-gland had a war with France, Jef-fer-son wished to lend aid to the French, but Ham-il-ton thought it best for our land not to take sides, so there were some storms of words from both. There were two news sheets put in print each day, one on the side of Ham-il-ton, and one for Jef-fer-son.

Lou-is-i-an-a was bought in the time of Jef-fer-son, and our fleets won the day in the sea of the Med-i-ter-ra-ne-an. Peace was made with Mo-roc-co and Trip-o-li, and they were forced from that time to treat all men from this land in the right way, and not seize them and their goods as they had done.

Jef-fer-son was Pres-i-dent for eight years—that is, two terms. When votes were cast for him, Aar-on Burr and he had the same sum of votes, so Burr was made Vice Pres-i-dent. Aar-on Burr was a

man of great gifts and a fine mind, but he had weak points that led him wrong. He fought and killed Ham-il-ton in July, 1804. This act stirred up the rage of the folk so that he had to fly from their wrath.

He took up a wild scheme to make a grand stir in the world. His plan was to found a sort of throne in

Mex-i-co, where he should rule with more pomp and state than a king. To help this plan he made friends of a rich man named Blen-ner-has-set and his wife, and they gave him a great part of their wealth to aid his wild dream. He meant, it was said, to bring States south and west in to his realm. For this they took him and tried him at Rich-mond in 1807, but did not prove



Abney

the charge and let him go. He went to Lon-don and lived there as a poor man for a time; then he came back to New York and took up the law once more, but his day was done, and he died a poor man.

Jefferson held to State Rights with all his might, but in the late years of his life he said that there were times when the Government "should show its teeth." One thing took place while Jefferson held the chair of state, and that was when the first steam-boat was made, by Robert Fulton. We had had all kinds of ships, but none that went by steam, and all were glad that a means had been found to use that great force.

The first boat built to go by this means did not look at all like those we have in use on the streams and lakes of our times. It could not go near so fast—not more than five miles per hour when at its best speed. Fulton did not find his task a light one to prove that steam was the best thing with which to move a boat. The folks had a mind to scoff and jeer at his plans, and it was not till his boat, the *Clermont*, was tried, that they felt what a great work he had done. The trip of the *Clermont* up the Hud-son made a good deal of stir, as it passed in a cloud of smoke and sparks up the stream. Men were scared when they first saw it pass, but they soon learned the good work that steam might do.



ROB-ERT FUL-TON.

When Jef-fer-son was at the head of his State he sought to do three things: first, to put an end to the slave trade; next, to have lands left to all the heirs of a house, and not to the first-born son; and third, to let all men have a right to serve God in their own way. In the great school that he built he



FUL-TON'S "CLER-MONT" STEAM-ER.

thought it best to *trust* the young men and not to spy on them. He did not hold strict views of faith, and was a man of free thought, though he had trust in Christ. He was for free trade to the end of his life. He held that a man that could not read or write should not have a vote, as he thought the land should be ruled by wise men. Books were at all

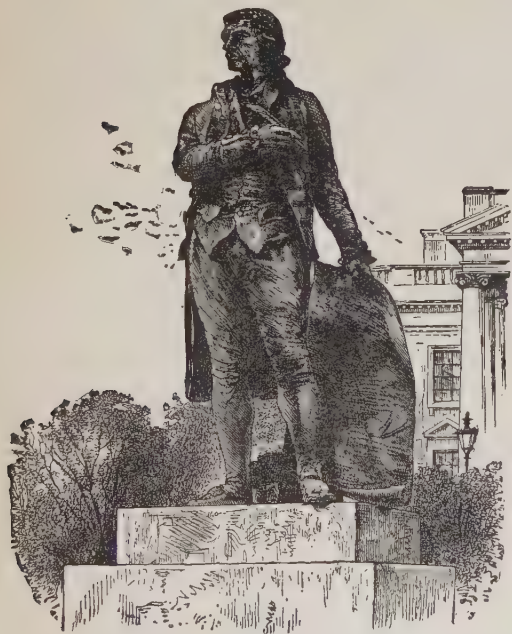
times his friends, and he was fond of Greek verse. In his home he was loved by young and old. He had a warm heart and a cool head. He was so poor at one time that he had to sell his books. Congress bought them and took them to Washington. There were such loads of them that it took days to take them to their new home.

Jefferson was a man of plain tastes and wore plain clothes. He did not care for pomp and state, and had no taste for names of rank. He was kind to all who came to speak with him. He held that it was wrong to keep slaves. In his home at Monticello, to which he went when he left the White House, he kept a free house where he was glad to meet all his friends and give them the best he had. His wife had brought him much wealth in land and slaves, but he died poor, for he dealt it all out with a free hand. When he was four-score years old he was still strong and could ride on a horse ten miles a day. The time drew near for his strength to fail, but his mind was clear. He grew more weak, and said, as he lay on his bed, that the scenes of the Revolution came to him from time to time. He said he felt no fear of the end. "I am like an old watch," he said, "a spring is worn out here—a wheel there, and it can not go long."

"This is the 4th?" he said to a friend who sat by

his bed. The friend bent his head. "Ah!" said Jef-fer-son, and a glad look came to his face.

He died on the 4th of Ju-ly, 1826, and on that same day one more great man passed from this life in the State of Mas-sa-chu-setts. This was John Ad-ams, whose son was Pres-i-dent.



STAT-UE OF JEF-FER-SON IN FRONT OF THE
WHITE HOUSE, WASH-ING-TON.

A rough sketch was left by Jef-fer-son of a stone to mark his grave. He wished men to know that he had formed the Dec-la-ration of In-de-pend-ence. He was the one who built the U-ni-ver-si-ty of Vir-gin-i-a, a great school for young men, which stands to this day. He was so poor when he died that all his lands were sold in a short time, and the ground where he was laid went with the rest. Next to Wash-ing-ton, he is said to have been the best chief of a free land that the world has known.

CHAPTER IV.

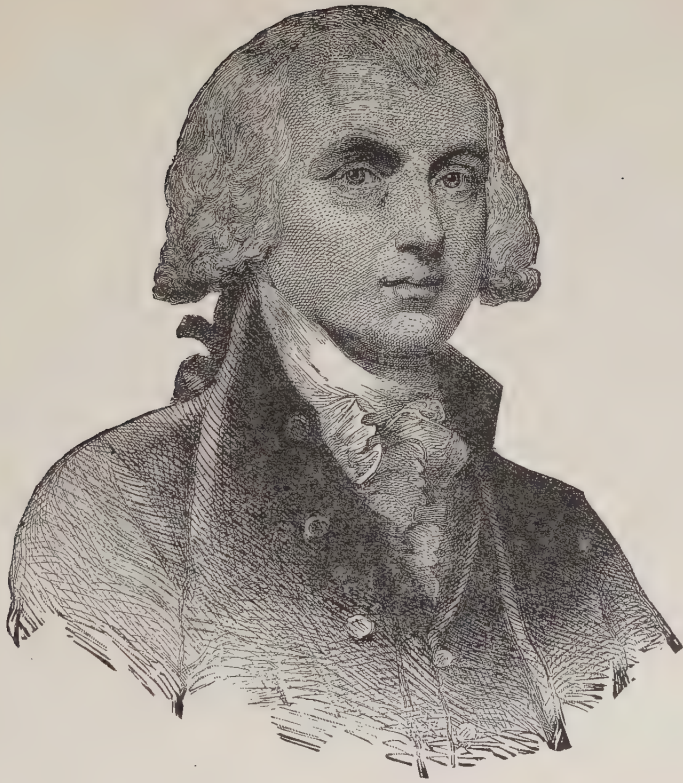
JAMES MADISON.

1809 to 1817.

JAMES MAD-I-SON had more votes than C. C. Pinck-ney, and so he was our fourth Pres-i-dent. He was born in Vir-gin-i-a in 1751. While he was yet a boy in years he went to school at Prince-ton Col-lege, New Jer-sey, which stands to this day. When he left school he took up the law, and in five years was made one of the first in his State. He lost his place on the next vote, for he would not buy up those who could place him in the chair. Two years from that time he was sent to Wash-ing-ton, and soon took a lead in the laws of our land, and grew to be one of the great men of his day, feared by his foes and loved by all who had the good of the States at heart.

He, too, made one of that brave band of men who met to make up the "Dec-la-ration of In-de-pend-ence," and did much to bring it out. His voice and pen gave their aid to put it through, and much praise is due him for his work in this cause.

He was the right hand man of Pres-i-dent Jef-



James Madison

fer-son, who made him Sec-re-ta-ry of State, and he served in this place for a term of eight years, and all said that he did well while there.

In 1809 he was made Pres-i-dent, and soon from the time he went in he made a tour of all the posts from east to west and south and north, to see if they were strong in case there should be a new war in the land.

When he came in he found that our land was not pleased with En-gland. The cause of this was that En-gland would stop our ships on the sea and search them, which they thought was not just. So at last war once more broke out, and at first all went wrong with us. The red men took sides with the foe, and a great chief of theirs of the name of Te-cum-seh tried to form a plan to join all the In-dians in a war on the whites. He was a brave man and fought hard in the fight, but at last he fell, and with him his cause.

Though we did not win much on the land, we had good luck in all our fights on the sea. It was in one of these fights that the words "Don't give up the ship" were first heard, from the lips of one who got his death wound on the deck of his ship.

In one of the great sea fights we had nine ships on our side, and there were six on that of the foe.

We fought so well that it was not long ere the British lost all their ships. When it was a sure thing that we had won, Per-ry, who led our ships, wrote home, "We have met the foe and they are ours."

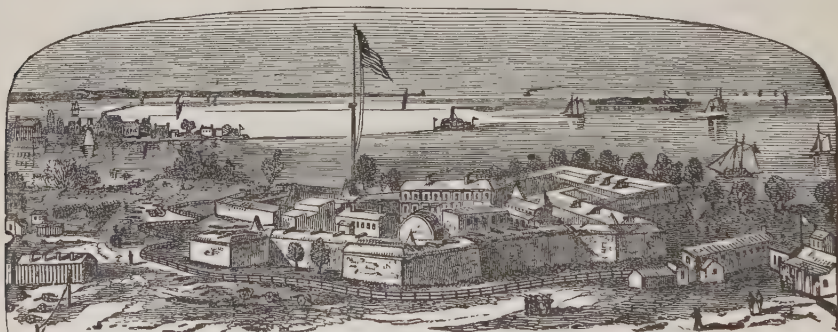
There was war now for three years, and in the last year of it the British took some of our towns on the south coast and marched to Wash-ington. Mad-i-son and his aids had been on the field of war all day, and when they saw there was no chance for them, they rode back to Wash-ington to save all they could. Mrs. Mad-i-son had a cart load of things



FLIGHT FROM WASH-ING-TON.

packed up to go off with when she thought of the great por-trait of Wash-ington which hung on one of the walls of the Pres-i-dent's room. The frame was too large to take down, so the shrewd la-dy cut the can-vas from its frame and took it with her in safe-ty. The En-glish troops came in and set fire to the Pres-i-dent's house and the State House, and in fact to all the town.

They next went to Bal-ti-more to take that city, but were forced to leave with great loss. Fort Mc-Hen-ry guards the cit-y. Fran-cis Scott Key had gone on board one of the ships with a flag of truce to see if the En-GLISH would let off some men tak-en at Wash-ing-ton. He was kept on the En-GLISH ship while the fight went on. When it stopped at night Key had to wait till dawn to see if the flag was still on the fort. On the deck of that ship, where he



FORT MC-HEN-RY.

passed the night with no thought of sleep, he made up the song of "The Star Span-gled Ban-ner," since one of our great songs, and which should be known by all the boys and girls in the land.

"Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?

Oh, say, does the star spangled banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?"

They tried to make a raid on New Or-leans, but Gen-er-al Jack-son, who had charge of the town,

built up miles of breast-works with bales and fought back of them with his men, so that the foe could not get near the place, though they tried hard to do so.

This was the last fight that took place in this war, and when peace was made both sides were glad of it. Peace was signed at Ghent, De-cem-ber 24, 1814. From that day En-gland has had no right to make a search in our ships, and we have been at peace.

Mad-i-son, when his first term of four years as the head of our land was through, was put in the chair for four years more, so much was he liked by all. In this last term Mad-i-son gave his seal to a Bill which gave the right to form a great bank for the whole land, to last a score of years.

On the fourth of March of 1817 he went back to his home for rest and peace from the hard work he had gone through. But it was not long ere he was heard once more in the halls of the law. In 1829 he was one who had in charge the change that was to be made in the code of laws for the whole land.

He died at his home in Mont-pe-lier, in Vir-gin-i-a, June 28, in the year 1836.

CHAPTER V.

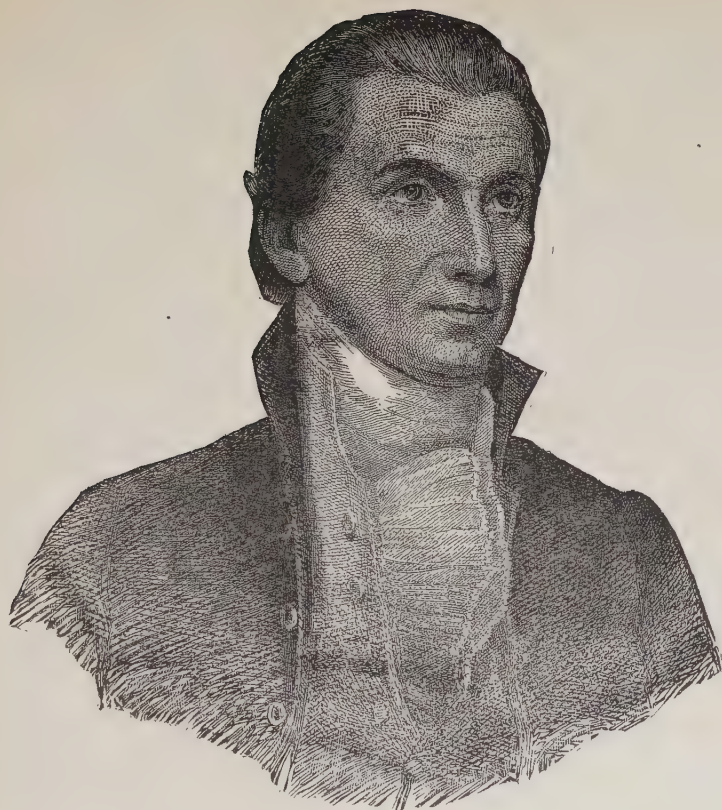
JAMES MONROE.

1817 to 1825.

JAMES MON-ROE, the fifth Pres-i-dent of our land, was born in West-more-land coun-ty, Vir-gin-i-a, in the year 1758. Hisfa-ther held large tracts of land in that part of the State, where he grew all kinds of grain and herbs that are found in the South, and was a man of some wealth. As he had means he gave his son James a good chance to learn at school, so that he did not have to work and teach while there to make what he lived on.

When war broke out in 1776, Mon-roe, though not much more than a boy in years, joined our troops at the first call "to arms!" and at once proved what was in him.

He was a brave youth, and it was not long ere Wash-ing-ton made him the head of a part of his troops for the good work he had done in the fight. Mon-roe fought at White Plains and Har-lem Heights, and was much praised for his share in what was done there.



James Monroe

When the great fight took place at Tren-ton he got his first wound from a spent ball that laid him up for some time. For his brave acts he was raised to a still more high place in the charge of our troops.

At the famed fights of Mon-mouth and Brandy-wine he still held his place as one of the most brave men that went out to fight for our just cause. He was at all times the first man to lead the way to the foe and the last to give up all hope and flee when the tide of war turned the wrong way.

Two years from the time he took up arms to save his land, he tired of the noise of war and the clash of arms, went back once more to his old life and to learn law with Thom-as Jef-fer-son.

He got on well from the start, and it was but a few years from the time he made his start in this new line that we hear of him as one of the first in the land. At his State con-ven-tion he would not give his aid to pass the laws, which he said gave too much strength into the hands of the Gov-ern-ment. Since he took this view of the case he joined a band of men who held much the same views as the Re-pub-li-can par-ty of our own times.

In 1790 he was made Sen-a-tor for a term of four years. At the end of this time he went to France to look out for our rights there, but he was called

back in two years from his work. This was done, it is said, from the fact that he took a part with the Re-pub-li-cans in France, and did not tend to that which he had been charged with by our land.

When he came back he was made the head of the State of Vir-gin-i-a, and served as such for three years. He was then sent to France once more, to buy the State of Lou-i-si-a-na from the hands of the French.

He bought this vast tract of land from Na-po-le-on for the sum of \$15,000,000, which was a small price for such a large place, though it was in a rough, wild state at that time.

Mon-roe was sent twice to Spain and to En-gland. He then went back to the place of his home life, for he could say with truth that he had well earned a time of rest.

It was not long ere he was called to take part once more in the stir and noise of the times. He was made Gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-i-a, then one of the first aids to Pres-i-dent Mad-i-son, and at last, to crown all, he was named for Pres-i-dent by the Dem-o-crats and got the most votes, which gave him the first place, by the laws of our land.

His rule was much like that of the man whose place he took, and it must be said that his task was not so hard as some who had held the chair. Peace

had come to us, the storm of war was heard no more, the roar of guns was dead. The corn and grass had sprung up on the graves of our men who were slain in the fight, and birds sang once more where shot and shells had brought death.

The first thing Mon-roë did was to pay off the great debt which the war had brought on, and it was not long ere he had paid up to a cent what was due, and wiped the claim out. When this was done, our trade at once grew in size and our ships with



E-RIE CA-NAL (MO-HAWK VAL-LEY).

loads of goods were seen once more to dot the sea with their white sails. The hopes of all seemed to rise. The land smiled with fields of grain, and the wheels of our mills were at work both day and night.

It had been a hard thing at all times to get this

grain and things from the towns and farms far from the streams or the sea to where it could be sold. For this rea-son a long place like a trench was dug all the way from Buf-fa-lo to Al-ba-ny, so that the Hud-son could fill it, and by this means boats could go back and forth from this place to that, with their loads in a much more short way than by land. The first rail-road was built, too, at this time, for the same cause.

This year the In-dians in the South grew fierce and went in for war. Joined by some blacks they tried to rob and burn the homes of our folks in the wild parts of the States. Gen-er-al Jack-son, at length, with the aid of a small force of troops, made his way into their midst and forced them to lay down their arms and come to his terms.

Two En-glish-men whom Gen-er-al Jack-son thought had tried to stir up the In-dians to fight, were hung by him, and though his foes sought to bring shame on him for this act, Mon-roe said he had done right.

A-bout this time the King of Spain gave Flor-i-da to us, and we in turn gave up Tex-as and paid a large sum to the A-mer-i-cans there for what they had been robbed of by Spain.

Mis-sis-sip-pi, Al-a-bam-a, Maine and Il-li-nois were made States in Mon-roe's term, and Ar-kan-

sas Ter-ri-to-ry was named. Mis-sou-ri was made a State late in the year 1817. This was when the famed Bill, the Mis-sou-ri Com-pro-mise, came up. The great point was that no one should hold slaves in it when a State. This the South did not like, and fought, not with arms but by a war of words, to make it a slave State, for they feared the North would get too strong if they had all their own way. At last Con-gress let Mis-sou-ri come in as a slave State, but made a law that a line should be drawn in the land, and that north of this line no one should hold slaves.

There were but a few slaves held at this time, but the trade grew and grew till all States south of this line held them.

All were pleased by the way Mon-ro-e served as head of the land, and when the votes were cast in 1820 they chose him for a term of four years more to fill the chair and hold the reins of the States' laws.

Two years from this some States in South A-mer-i-ca said they would not bear the yoke of strange lands, that they would be free. The U-nit-ed States took part with them in this, and held the same views—that they should form a Re-pub-lic of their own.

Mon-ro-e said in 1823 that they should be looked

on as such, and that A-mer-i-ca should not bear the yoke the lands in the Old World sought to place on them. This view which he took was known from that day to this as the *Mon-roe Doc-trine*.

In 1825 Mon-roe left the cares of the State and sought rest and peace in home life at Oak Hill, Vir-gin-i-a. He died on the Fourth of Ju-ly, 1831, in New York, and left a name that may well be placed by that of Wash-ing-ton and Jef-fer-son as one who worked well for the good of his land and fought the brave fight in her hour of need.



IN-DIAN WAR-RIORS.

CHAPTER VI.

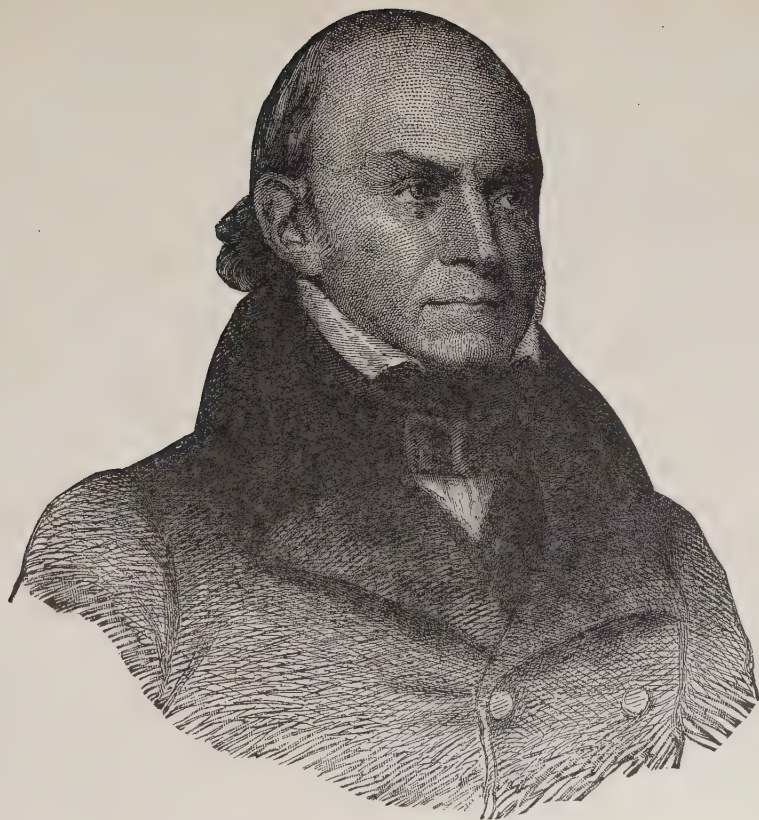
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

1825 to 1829.

ON July 11, 1767, in Brain-tree, Mass-a-chu-setts, where the town of Quin-cy now stands, was born John Quin-cy Ad-ams. Two streams of the best blood in the land ran in the veins of the child, and it was not strange that in time to come he grew to be a great man.

He had one of the best starts in life that a boy could have. All of his race were brave and wise, and came of the best stock to be found through all the length and breadth of the States. He was the son of the great John Ad-ams, who took the chair next to Wash-ing-ton. The war with En-gland held full sway when he was a boy, and the first sound his ears heard was the roar of guns, and he saw the smoke of the fight, for the town where they had their home at one time was quite in the seat of war.

When he was a boy of some nine years of age, he would ride by post to the scene of the fight and bring what news there was to his folks at home.



J. D. Adams

You may know that as the war went on so near his home he did not have much of a chance to go to school, but he was apt to learn, and heard and saw much that in the years to come was of just as much use to him, if not more, as that which he might have read in books.

When he was not much more than ten years of age he went to France to school, and we are told that he wrote of his trip and what took place there down in a book, so that when he grew old he might look back and see what he did when a boy.

Though he spent his school life in the most gay town of France, yet he did not fall in-to bad ways, as most boys would have done who found they were their own lords in a strange land.

When he came back to his own home once more, he was much the same boy who had gone from there some few years since. He had not changed in the life he had led in strange lands, his heart was still bound up in his dear old home and those who lived there.

He at once read up when he got home all the books that fell in his way, and in a short time had stored his mind so that he could go to Harvard College, where he went through each course by the year 1787. He made up his mind, when through school, to take up law and make it the work of his

life, so it is not long from this time that we find him at this in Bos-ton.

He soon wrote screeds for the news sheets of the day, which gave him some fame, so that men would talk of his name and ask who he was.

Some of the things which he wrote had for their aim Tom Paine, who wrote a book in which he sought to prove that there was no God, and that the Church was wrong. In 1794 he was sent o'er the sea to stand for the rights of our folks in the land of the Dutch. He staid there for some time and was then sent to Port-u-gal for the same good work, and thence to Ber-lin, where he found there was much to be done.

It was his chief work while here to bring round peace be-tween Prus-sia and his own land, and when this was done he came back home and took up law at the old place where he got his first real start in life.

In 1802 he was sent to the Sen-ate, which at that time was much sought for by men of brains and mind, for it led to some things that were worth while as an aim in life.

While here he had a chance to show of what good stuff he was made, for he was down on all bills that he thought might bear down too hard on the poor in the land, which were brought in by a few men who hoped to get rich.

As he was such a good man who dared to do right, of course there were some bad men who tried to do him harm when they got a chance, but he fought them down one by one.

He was once more sent to Russia to act for our land there, but he came back in a short time.

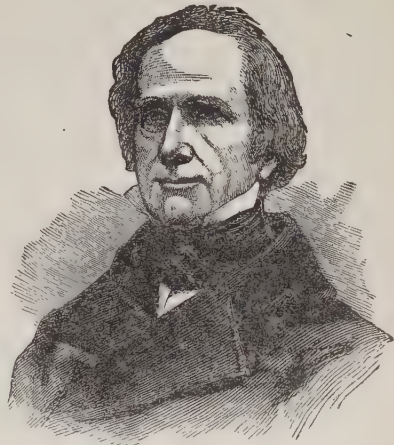
When he came home it was to take a high place in the State, near the new President, James Monroe. He went to Washington to live, which at that time was but a group of houses on a waste of sand. It was a great change for him to be raised to such a high place in the laws of his land, but he stood the test well, and his foes could not but say that he was the right man in the right place.

Four names were put up for President at this time: J. Q. Adams for the East, W. W. Crawford in the South, Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay, West. On March 4, 1825, he was made President, and J. C. Calhoun Vice President. Henry Clay had the charge of the funds. One of the great things that took place while he was in was the first rail-road that was built. It was but three miles in length, and the cars were drawn by a horse, not steam.

The first steam car, when it came in use from England, was a poor sort of a thing. It could not go fast, and at first it used to scare off the cows and sheep

on the farms it went by, and those who lived near the track thought their last hour had come for sure, though in time they did not mind it at all. Canals were made in New York at this time.

Hen-ry Clay, who had a high place in the time of J. Q. Ad-ams, was born in Vir-gin-i-a, and was a poor boy. He went to a small log school-house to learn his first tasks, but he rose to be one of the first in the land. He spoke with such strength and force, as well as grace, that he could sway the minds of all men. He used to learn by heart what



HEN-RY CLAY.

he read when a boy and speak it, and he thought that was one way in which he had gained so much ease. He says: "I made more than one off-hand speech in the corn fields or in the woods, where but an ox or horse could hear me."

It was said of Clay that on his tomb one might write these words:

"Here lies one who led men for years by the mere force of his mind, yet who was not known to swerve from the truth or call in lies to help him."

In the strife of North and South on slave laws,

Hen-ry Clay made more than one great speech to try and keep the peace.

De Witt Clin-ton, who in 1812 had run for Pres-i-dent against Mad-i-son, was one of the great men of his age. He was Chief of the State of New York, and took great thought on the E-rie Ca-nal, and did much to make it a thing of fact. It was a great thing for the whole U-nion when the boats found they could reach the o-cean through the State. Clin-ton was brought in a barge down from Lake E-rie to the Cit-y of



DE WITT CLIN-TON.

New York, and had with him a pail of lake wa-ter, which was thrown into the sea, and it was said to be the “wed-ding of the Lakes and the O-cean.”

It was while Ad-ams was in the chair that there was much talk of a tax that was to be put on all goods that were brought here from far lands, and we hear a good deal of it to this day. There were some who thought it was wrong, and some who thought it the best thing. Ad-ams went in for a high tax, which was the first cause why he did not hold the chair for more than one term.

He once more had a high place in 1830, when he

was sent from his State to Wash-ing-ton. He died at his home in Quin-cy, No-vem-ber 23, 1848. His last words were: "This is the last of earth—I am glad!"



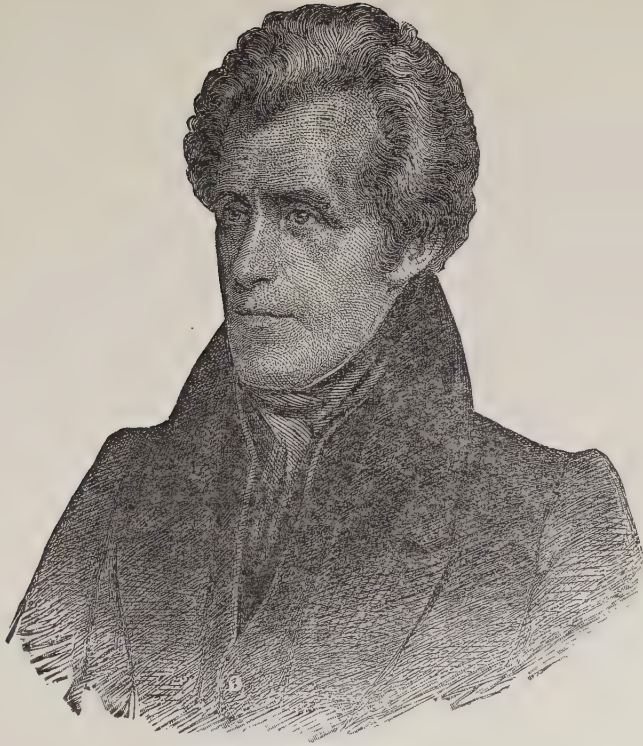
WED-DING OF THE LAKES AND THE O-CEAN.

CHAPTER VII.

ANDREW JACKSON.

1829 to 1837.

AN-DREW JACK-SON was the son of a poor man, who died when the boy was but a few days old. His life while he was a child was full of hard work. He did not care for books, and in those days there were few that would please a child. When the war with En-land broke out he fell at one time in-to the hands of the foe. He was then a youth with a will of his own, as he showed when he was bade to clean some boots. He said it was not the place of a free-born A-mer-i-can to clean Brit-ish boots. He was not meek or mild, and to be told to do such work made his blood boil. He kept his word in spite of hard blows, and at last the man shot him, and he was thrown in jail with a wound. There he got the small-pox. He knew not where to turn when he came out of jail, for he was poor and there was no one left to help him. But he made his way with a brave heart, though he had more than one fight in his time and could show



Andrew Jackson

scars that were not won in war. He had a great hate for England, as he lost those near and dear to him through the war with that land. He tried to learn a trade, but at last made up his mind to take to the law. He was gay, fond of a race or a cock-fight, and yet he made out to get on in some way. In our days a boy needs to learn much more



BACK-WOODS-MEN.

to get to the bar than then, and it cost less in those days. A boy who worked on the farm in the warm months could learn as much in the cold time of the year as the schools could give him. To a young man who wished to rise, the first step was to learn law; so that grew to be the first grand aim of a boy's heart. It is said that Jack-son did not make

much of the law, as he had not the sort of mind to rise in that line, but he did not choose to be a drudge on a farm or at a trade.

He went with a friend to the State of Tennessee in 1788. The class of men who lived there then were those who first broke the path in the wild woods, and they were more fond of drink than of work. They were at all times in strife, and liked

to go to law. Drink and debt and fight filled the land. Jack-son had a post in which it was his task to find out the rights and the wrongs of things and try and bring in law to set them straight. The red men, too, were on the war-path, as they did not wish to give up their land. Jack-son went on his



NEW OR-LEANS.

way, though at times as he rode up and down to do his work he risked his life, for he made strong foes, though he won strong friends. He fought in the war with En-gland and built up the breast-works in New Or-leans from the back of which the men fired and won the day. He was sent to Wash-ing-ton

from his State, but he did not care for his life there, and formed no ties that it was hard to break. It was said that at that time he was a tall, lank man, with no grace. His long locks of hair hung down his face, and his cue in the back was tied with an eel-skin. His dress was strange, and all his ways those of a rough man from the back-woods. More late in life he learned the ways of the best bred folks in the land. But he felt in such a strong way on all points and was so rash that when he rose to speak in the Sen-ate he would choke with rage, so he did not do much in that line.

He was made Judge of the Court in his own State, but naught is known of his acts at that time. He then went home and spent some years in work, but by no means in peace. He was at all times one who held out for what he thought his rights, and this oft led to strife. More than once he called out the man he thought his foe, and the aim of each was to kill. In one of these fights Jack-son got a wound which made him weak for life, and in one he had a ball put in him which he bore for a score of years.

But when the Creek war came with the red men and then a war with En-gland, Jack-son showed that though he was not good to keep the peace, he had the right sort of stuff in him to lead in war. He

did not want to mind, though, but would be head, and he showed that he was strong and that he could bear all kinds of hard work and not give up. He knew how to sway his men and make them do his will, and he did not know what it was to tire while there was aught to be done. The young men of the State made haste to 'list with him, and his ranks were kept well filled. Those who had fought with him had great tales to tell and were made much of when they got home. Though he was most strict, and some thought hard, he did not fear to do what he thought was right, though all sought to hold him back. From the time when he put an end to the Creek war the fame of Jack-son dates. At New Or-leans, where the En-glish sought to strike a great blow, he was on hand, so that they met with great loss.

While he was Pres-i-dent there were some at the South who felt that the North had more than its share of wealth and land. There were more great mills and more goods made at the North than at the South. There were some who made a plan to cut loose and set up a new band of States. They had all their young men drilled for war, and got arms and chose a man to lead them. His name was John C. Cal-houn, and he was to be their first chief. But Jack-son said: "If a State could go

out of the U-nion when it chose, our land would come to naught." And he sent troops and ships of war and put a stop to all that sort of thing in a short time.

There was a tribe of red men in Flor-i-da who did not wish to lose their land and give way to the white man. They fought for a long time in the



JOHN C. CAL-HOUN.

swamps of that land. Slaves who had fled from their homes were with them. One of the chiefs had a slave girl for a wife, and when she went with him to one of the forts she was seized and kept as a slave, and the chief was put in chains. He made a vow that he would fight the white man as soon as he was free. So he led his tribes to war. His name was Os-ce-o-la.

They took him at last, and kept him in one of the forts till his death. But the war went on for years, at a great cost of life, till few of that tribe were left in the land.

When the En-GLISH left New Or-leans, Jack-son still kept all the troops up to the mark. He was thought a hard man, as he let no fault go, and he had men shot who left their posts or went home

when they had no leave. But in this, though he seemed hard he was wise, and he had to keep up the laws of war. At the same time the one who was the most hard to rule was Jack-son's own self. He was quick to get in to strife, and had more foes than he could count. But from the time he was made Pres-i-dent the land gained strength each year. Steam-boats came more in use, and more rail-roads were built. All were proud of their Pres-i-dent. They felt, "he is one of us—he stands by us—he does not care for style, but for what is sound and strong and good."

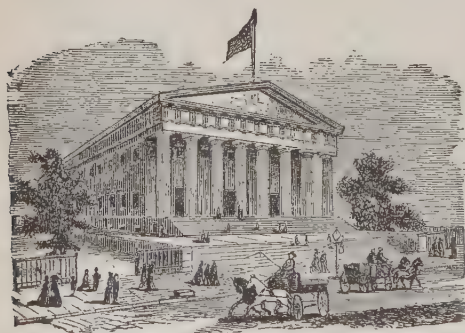
There was much strife in his time as to a tax on wool, steel, wine, and a long list of things. Some thought that it was best for those who made goods here to have all taxed that were made in strange lands.

In Jack-son's time there was a great bank built which had the name of the Bank of North A-mer-i-ca. This was the cause of strife. State banks



OS-CE-O-LA.

were not liked at that time, as it was thought they did not deal in a fair way with all sorts of men, but did the best for their friends. This bank was to be for the whole land, and it had large funds. It was built in Phil-a-del-phi-a. In the first two years it went far to make things worse than they were. It took the lead in all sorts of wrong jobs with the shares, and it plunged the land in hard times. There was what was called a bank war. Some



U-NI-TED STATES BANK.

had no faith in that sort of bank, and brought more than one charge to show that it did not deal in the right way. There was a great deal of this strife through both terms while Jack-son was Pres-i-dent, but at last the great bank came to an end, and crowds of those who were in high place in the land lost all they had.

Mex-i-co set its slaves free in 1824. Tex-as was brought in the Un-ion, and through all this term the growth of the land was great. But as it reached its end there were strikes and strife of all kinds. The high price of food was the cause of mobs. Rents, too, were more than the poor men could pay. At one time flour and wheat were seized by

a mob. Troops had to be called out to keep the peace. This was just at the end of Jack-son's term. Jack-son took good care of his friends, and put them in good posts, and to make way for them moved out six hundred and nine-ty folks in his time. He went out with a glad heart, and set forth at once for his old home. On the way he was met with all the old marks of love by friends. He was still a great strength in the land. He died June 8, 1845. He had all the fame that he could have dreamed of in his youth. What he had set his heart on he had gained. His foes were all brought low. In his last years he joined the church and died at peace with all men.



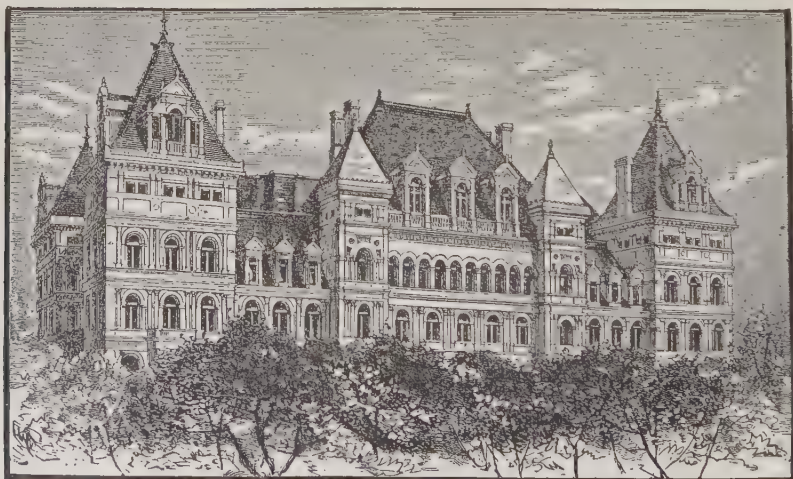
IN-DIAN DRESS-ES, WEAP-ONS AND OR-NA-MENTS.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

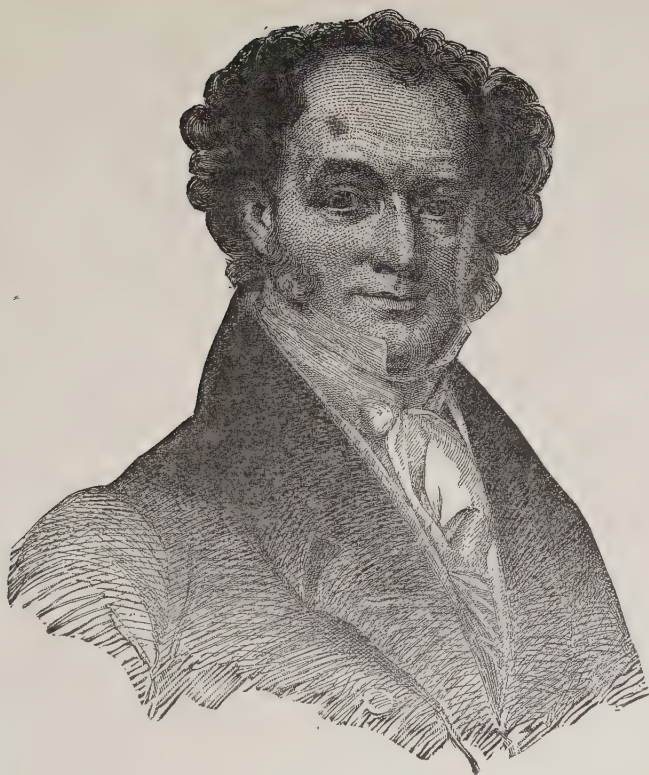
1837 to 1841.

VAN BU-REN was born at Kin-der-hook, New York, in 1782. He did not get a chance to go much to school when a boy, but made the most of



STATE HOUSE, AL-BA-NY, NEW YORK (1885).

his time while there. He took up law when he was quite a young man, and in 1821 was sent from his State to Wash-ing-ton, and in six years or



Ernest Bienen

more they chose him to be the head man of New York State.

When he was placed in the chair by the will of our land, he at once put an end to the war with the In-dians. When he took his seat hard times were at hand and all trades were at a low ebb. In a few months from the day he took the oath all the banks in New York gave up, and would pay no more in gold and coin, and the banks in not a few of the States did the same thing. Crowds of men were thrown out of work, and the streets were full of those who had naught to do. Trade was at a stand-still and the price of food and clothes rose at once.

Yet no one could blame Van Bu-ren for the state things were in. He did but reap what had been sown by those who had gone. He said that one cause of these hard times was that folks had lost the plain tastes of the old times and spent too much, so they must bear it.

Late in the year of 1837 those who lived in Can-a-da tried to set up laws of their own and to have a home rule. There were not a few in our land who took sides with them, and a large force of men from New York went to their aid, but they were soon put down.

For a while it seemed that our peace with En-

gland was at an end, and that a new war would spring up. Van Bu-ren at once said that no man in our land should aid the cause of those in Can-a-da or they should be put in jail so at last the fear of a new war was put down by these means.

Van Bu-ren ran once more for his seat as the head of our land, but lost it this time. Har-ri-son was the one who took his place.

There were great times at the race as to who should rule next. Van Bu-ren was rich and had been Pres-ident four years. Har-ri-son was poor, but made a great name in the In-dian wars. The race was said to be the "Log Cab-in a-against the White House," and those who went for Har-ri-son drank a great deal of ci-der. It was called the "hard ci-der race."

Van Bu-ren died at his old home at Kin-der-hook, Ju-ly 24, 1862, near four-score years of age.



THE HARD CI-DER CAM-PAIGN.

CHAPTER IX.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON AND JOHN TYLER.

1841 to 1845.

HAR-RI-SON, our ninth Pres-i-dent, was born in Vir-gin-i-a in 1773. He was the son of a good and learn-ed man, who gave his boy all the chance to go to school and learn that he could wish. Har-ri-son was fond of books when but a child in years, and was more apt than most of his age to learn his tasks.

He was quite a youth when he got through school, and took up arms in the In-dian war, but he had a man's heart in his breast that bade him go forth and fight for his home and the good cause of his land.

He showed so much pluck in this war that he was soon placed at the head of some troops, where he still kept his name up as a brave man.

When he had had six years of war he gave up his place to rest at home for a while, but he was soon asked by one of the States to take his seat in Con-gress.

He was made Gov-ern-or of In-di-an-a for three



W. H. Harrison

terms, so much was he liked by those who lived in the State.

He made peace with the In-dians for a time, and

when they went on the war-path once more he put them to rout at Tip-pe-ca-noe. For his brave work in this fight he was made Gen-e-ral, and in our fight with the Brit-ish at the Th a m e s he gained the best of them.



TE-CUM-SEH AND HAR-RI-SON.

Te-cum-seh, the chief of the In-dians whom Har-ri-son whipped at Tip-pe-ca-noe, was the most a-ble red man of his time. If he had been brought up in our days and had our chance at school he would

have been a ver-y great man. He was ver-y brave, too. One time he was asked to call on Har-ri-son and talk of the war and what should be done. Har-ri-son sat on a chair with all his aids round him, and Te-cum-seh saw there had been no place fixed for him. He showed he did not like this, and one of the aids brought in a chair and said, "Your fa-ther asks you to sit by his side." Te-cum-seh drew his wrap round him and said: "The Great Spir-it is my fa-ther and I will re-pose on the bo-som of my moth-er," and sat down on the ground.

Har-ri-son ran in 1836 for Pres-i-dent, but did not get the most votes. Four years from that time he was named once more for the place, and this time won by a great vote.

But he did not live long to reap the fruit of his hard work in the cause of his land. He took his seat as the head of our States on March 4, 1841, and just one month from that time he died.

John Ty-ler, who had been his Vice-Pres-i-dent, was then sworn in and took the chair.

JOHN TYLER,

The tenth Pres-i-dent of the U-nit-ed States, was the son of the Gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-i-a, in which State he was born in 1790.

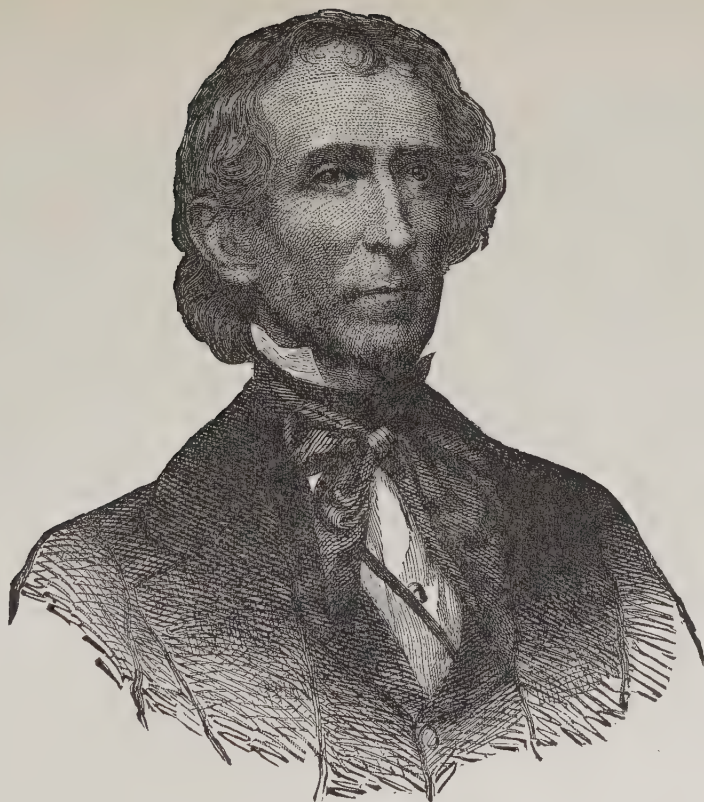
When through with school he took up law and was soon sent to Congress, where he staid, for five years, and was then made the head of his own State.

He was made Vice-Pres-i-dent with Har-ri-son and then Pres-i-dent. He had not been long in his seat ere a strife broke out in Rhode Isl-and.

It seems by their old laws no one who did not hold land could vote, and as this was not thought fair to all, they wished to have it changed. There was a split as to how this should be done. One side was led by a man named King, and called them-selves the "Law and Or-order Par-ty." The rest had Thom-as Dorr as their head, and both sides made up their minds to have their own way and form laws of their own.

King's men tried to put down those led by Dorr, but they would not have it, and sought to seize the fort where the State arms were held. The troops were sent out to put a stop to this, and Dorr had to flee for his life from the State. In a few months he was caught and put in jail for life, but he was soon freed and let go once more.

Ty-ler had scarce got through and put down this strife ere more broke out in the State of Mis-sou-ri. Smith, the Mor-mon, with man-y more of his own kind, took up a vast tract of land in this State as their home, and those who lived there sought to



John Tyler

drive them out. Our troops were sent out and at last the Mor-mons were sent out of the State and made their home in Il-li-nois, but it was not long ere they were mixed up in the same kind of strife



TAB-ER-NA-CLE IN SALT LAKE CIT-Y. 250 FEET LONG, 150 WIDE, AND 80 HIGH.

as they had gone through, and at last they had to flee out in the wilds of the far west. They are now at Salt Lake Cit-y.

The war broke out this year in Tex-as. For a long time none of our folks had built their homes

there since it was owned by Mex-i-co, but this year hosts flocked there from our States, and made up their minds to stay, if they had to fight for it.

The Tex-ans fought with the Mex-i-cans at Gonzales in this year, and though they were but half as large a force as the foe, they soon put them to rout. In 1836 a Tex-an fort known by the name of the A-la-mo was won by the Mex-i-cans, and all in its walls were killed in cold blood. The great fight at Ja-cin-to the next month, in which the Tex-ans won, gave them the State in their own hands. They now asked that their State should be made one of the U-nion, and in 1845 this took place.

Ty-ler tried hard to be placed in the chair once more for a term of four years, but his hopes were vain, as Polk was to be the next to hold the reins of State, so he soon went home to find rest from his work.

The last year of Ty-ler's rule a great thing was found out by Sam-u-el F. B. Morse. By the means of a wire stretched from pole to pole through the land he could send words for miles and miles in a flash, quite as fast as it would take one to think of it,



SAM-U-EL F. B. MORSE.

And soon from town to town we could hear what went on there in less than no time. On these wires for the first time was flashed the news that James Polk was to take the chair of state when Tyler left it. Tyler died in Richmond, Virginia, in Jan-u-a-ry, 1862.



Daniel Webster

Daniel Webster died on the same day as Clay. He was at the head of the State in the time of Tyler and Har-ri-son. He was a great man. He had not much chance to go to school when he was a boy, for he was poor. He did not go but for a few weeks, and showed none of the great gifts of speech for which he grew famed. He was so shy that he could not speak a piece in the

school. He learned law, and when he made a speech, all wished to hear, for they knew he would bring much wealth of thought, as well as what he had gained in books, to bear on the theme. When his death was known there was grief in the land for a great man gone.

CHAPTER X.

JAMES KNOX POLK.

1845 to 1849.

JAMES KNOX POLK was born in North Car-o-li-na in 1795, where his first years were spent on a large farm. He went to school a good deal when a boy, and when he left, took up law. He was soon sent to Con-gress, where he served for more than ten years, and was then placed at the head of his State, where he was born. In 1845 he was made Pres-i-dent, and it was not long from the time that he took his seat ere a war broke out in our land with Mex-i-co. The cause of it was this :

Our folks in Tex-as laid claim to a large tract of land which those in Mex-i-co said was theirs. Gen-e-ral Tay-lor was sent with a force of troops at once to see that the rights of our State were kept up. On his way he met the



GEN-E-RAL WIN-FIELD SCOTT.



GRAND PLA-ZA IN CITY OF MEX-I-CO.

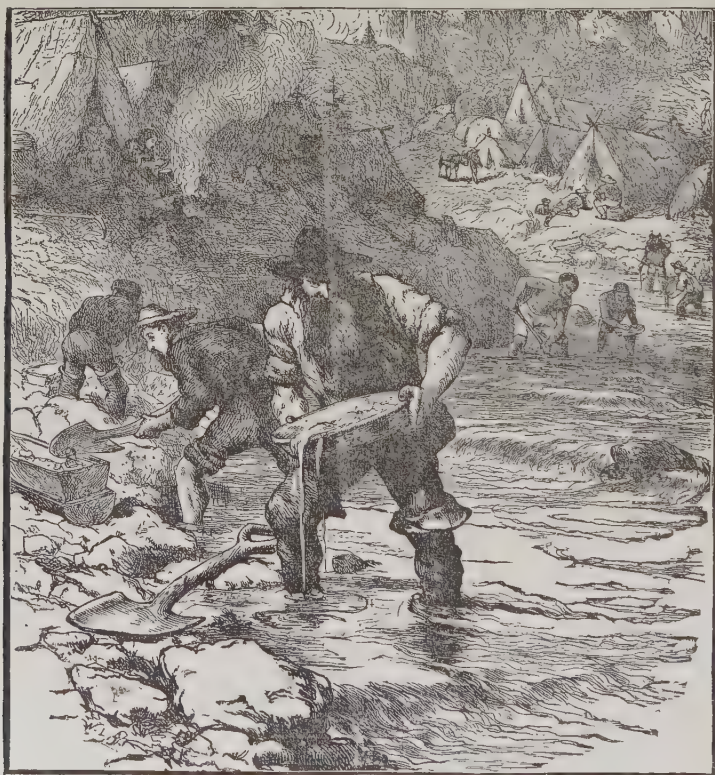
foe drawn up in the road to stop him, but he had the good luck to rout them with the loss of but nine men on his side. Taylor next laid siege to Monterey, their great city, and at last, when he had fought hard and long, got the town in his hands.

The same year Scott and his



James C. Falk

men drew siege lines round the town of Vera Cruz and sent bombs in it for four days, and at last it gave up the fight. But it was long ere peace was made

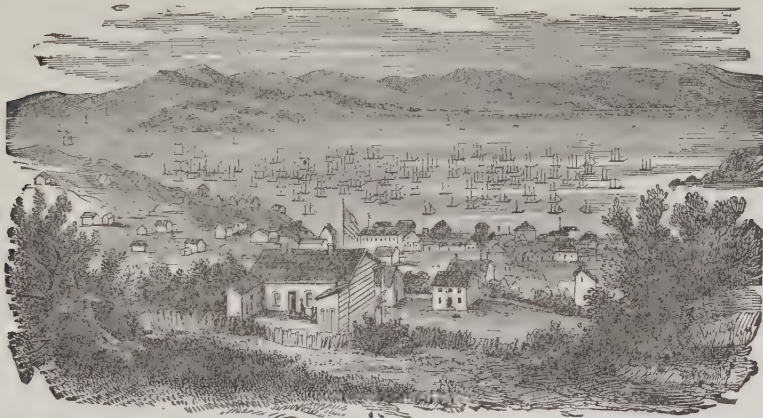


GOLD WASH-ERS IN CAL-I-FOR-NI-A.

with this land, and much blood had been spilled on her soil.

In 1848 came news to our States in the east that there were gold mines in Cal-i-for-ni-a. It was said that a man had found sand that was full of

gold dust, and scarce was the news known ere a great rush was made from all parts of the land to that State, and in fact from the whole world. A great deal of gold was found at the first, and this State soon grew to be a great one.



SAN FRAN-CIS-CO IN 1849.

Three States came in while Polk ruled as the head of our land, and two of them were free States, or States where slaves could not be kept.

At last a band of men by the name of *free soil* men took a stand that all slaves should be kept out of the new lands which the U-nit-ed States might gain from time to time.

Polk died in Nash-ville in 1849, when still a man in the prime of life.

CHAPTER XI.

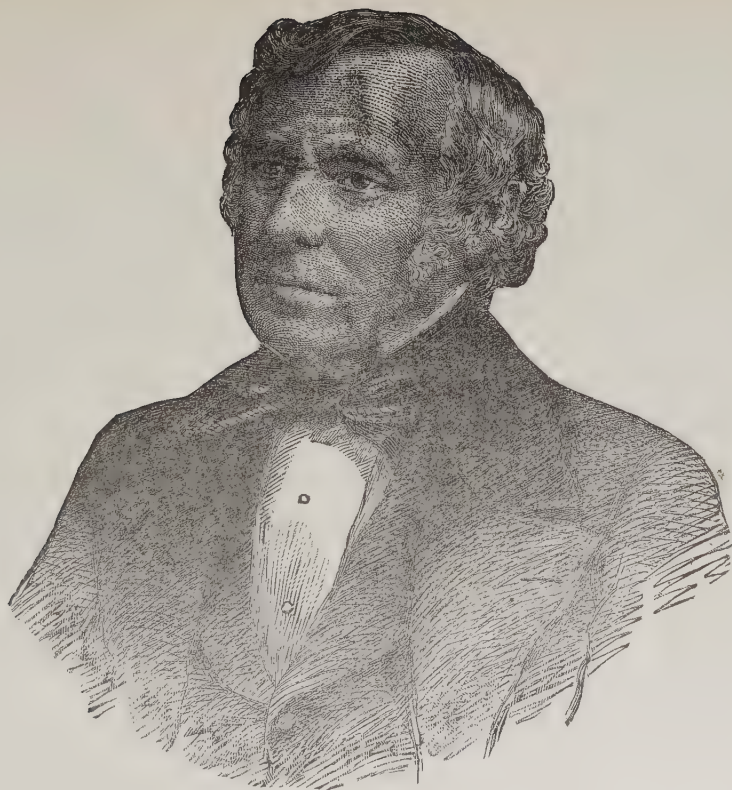
TAYLOR AND FILLMORE.

1849 to 1853.

ZACH-A-RY TAY-LOR, our eighth Pres-i-dent, was born in Or-ange coun-ty, Vir-gin-i-a, where his folks owned a large farm. Here he was brought up and went to school. When of age he took up arms for his land in the war in the place of a friend. He was so brave in all the fights in which he took part, that it was not long ere he rose from the ranks to a high place. In the In-dian war he won much praise for his work, and was soon placed in charge.

When the war broke out with Mex-i-co, it was he who won the great fights at Pa-lo Al-to and Mon-te-rey, and he soon rose to be thought one of the great men—in fact, the first of his land. In each place that he went he gained fame, and all gave him praise.

When he came home the streets through which he went were one blaze of light, and flags waved, while cheers rent the air as he came by on his brave horse.



Zachary Taylor.

He was the man of the hour, and it was not strange that the will of the land should soon place him in the chair of state to rule us all.

He just came in at a time when the strife as to the slave trade was at its height, but he did not hold his place but four months, as he took sick in the midst of his work and died Ju-ly 9, 1850.

MILLARD FILLMORE,

The Vice-Pres-i-dent, at once was sworn in and took up the reins of rule where they broke. He made as one of his aids the great Dan-i-el Web-ster, whose charge it was to look to the rights and laws of the States.

Fill-more, it might be well to say, was born in Ca-yu-ga coun-ty, New York, Jan-u-a-ry 7, 1800. That part of the State where he had his home was in the midst of a dense tract of woods, where, one might say, for miles no man had trod. There was no house near his home, but one four miles off, so you may know he did not have much of a chance to go to school.

When he was quite a boy in years he was bound out to work to a man in a small trade. Here he staid for five years, and at last got free from his toil as a bound boy and set out for Buf-fa-lo on foot,



William Pitt Rivers

where in the course of time he taught school to pay his way while he took up law. He soon gave up his school when he thought he could get on with what he knew of law, and made his way to a high place as one of the State bar. When Tay-lor died, as we have said, he was the Pres-i-dent.



HA-VAN-A HAR-BOR (CU-BA).

It was not long from this time that there was a band of rough men from our land who made up their minds they would try and get Cu-ba in their hands, but it did not take long for them to be put down, and some of them were shot by troops of Spain.

Fill-more died in Buf-fa-lo March 8, 1874.

CHAPTER XII.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

1853 to 1857.

THE next man to take the chair was Pierce, who had more votes than Gen-e-r-al Scott. He was born at Hills-bor-ough, New Hamp-shire, in 1804, the son of the then head man of the State. Not much is known of his youth, but as he was not a poor boy it is safe to say that he had a good chance to go to school. He was for years at Bow-doin Col-lege, Maine, till he left it to take up law, and was soon made one of the bar. He made his old home the scene of his work, and soon grew to be thought a man of brains who some day would lead in the laws of his land. And so it came to pass. While yet a young man in years he was sent to high posts, and at last won the best gift in the hands of his land—the chief of all.

When Pierce came in the strife was still in force as to the slave trade. It did but make things worse when those who held slaves wished to bring them north of the line where it was said they should not

be held by law. Where they wished to bring them was a large tract of land that was in time made up in two States, Kan-sas and Ne-bras-ka. The South said all they would ask was that all should have a vote to see if they had a wish to keep slaves or not

in these new States.

So Con-gress made a law which gave them the right to be slave or free States, as they might wish. It was thought when this bill came to pass that we should have peace, but such was not the case. There were fights and broils on the day the votes were cast, and much blood was spilled. One might say a small war took

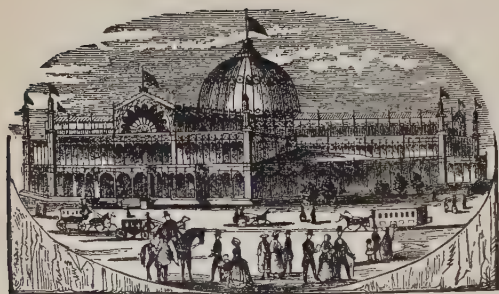


A HOME-STEAD IN KAN-SAS.

place in this State, with those who would have it free on the one side, and those who would hold slaves. Towns were burned, and for a time there was great fear this fight would spread through the land. At last Kan-sas came in as a free State, and we had peace.



Franklin Pierce



CRYSTAL PALACE, NEW YORK CITY, WHERE
THE FIRST "WORLD'S FAIR" WAS HELD.

and a great show known as the "World's Fair" was held in New York in a great hall built of glass, where all kinds of work done in the land were shown.

Pierce died in Concord, Mass-a-chu-setts, on Oc-to-ber 8, 1867, and left a name that all might look back on with love.

In the fall of 1856 James Bu-chan-an was the choice of the Dem-o-crats, and John C. Fre-mont was the chief of the new par-ty called Re-pub-li-cans. Bu-chan-an gained by a large vote.

In the time of Pierce a great tract of land was bought from Mex-i-co, and was known from that day to this as New Mex-i-co. In the same year that this took place, the trade with Ja-pan was made free to our ships,



J. C. Fremont.



James Buchanan.

CHAPTER XIII.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

1857 to 1861.

BU-CHAN-AN was born in Frank-lin Coun-ty, Penn-syl-va-ni-a, in 1791. He was the son of one who tilled the soil, and his first years were spent, of course, on the farm. When through school he took up law, but did not try but one case while he was at the bar. It was a poor case and he did not get a thing by it, but he won the suit and put to rout those who sought to cheat his friend out of the land which had been left to her.

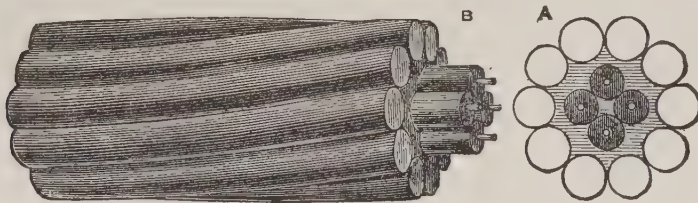
When quite a young man he was the choice of his State as one to make her laws, and six years from that time he was sent to Wash-ing-ton, where he held his seat for ten years.

He was sent by Pres-i-dent Jack-son to Rus-sia in two years to look out for our rights in that land, and when he came back went in our Sen-ate House.

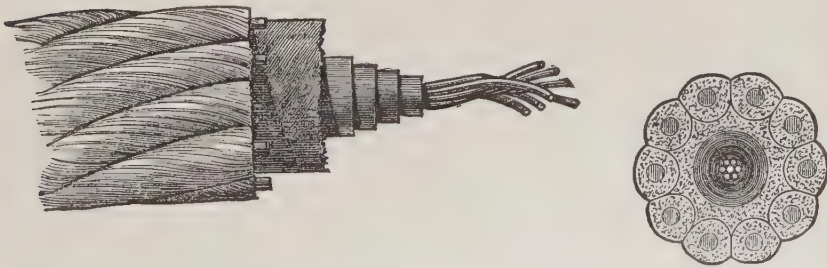
In 1857 he was made Pres-i-dent, and the first year he took his place U-tah would not bear the yoke of our laws, and sought to cast it off. At last

troops were sent out to force them to make peace, and they at last made terms and laid down their arms.

The next year of Bu-chan-an's rule was famed for one great feat that took place, and this was when Cy-rus W. Field, of New York, laid the first wire through the sea so that words could be sent from our land to those in the old world.



SUB-MA-RINE CA-BLE BE-TWEEN EN-GLAND AND FRANCE.

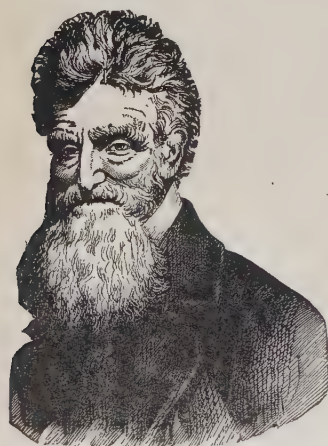


AT-LAN-TIC TEL-E-GRAPH CA-BLE, 1866.

Talk still ran high from the North to the South on the cause of the slave. The great case known as the "Dred Scott" case was tried by the Chief Jus-tice, Ta-ney, and he said that those who held slaves had a right to take them through with them

all the free States^{*} just when they chose. Few of them were held in the North and it was on the large farms of the South where they were most to be found, so you may know the South wished with all their hearts that the slave trade might still go on, while the North vowed that they would have none of it.

In the fall of the year 1859 the fires that had long burned with a slow flame in the hearts of North



JOHN BROWN.

and South burst forth, and John Brown of Kan-sas, the friend of the slaves, was the first to fan the blaze that was soon to sweep our land and drench its green fields with blood and fill its hills with graves. This Brown was a man who left his farm to serve the blacks. He was poor. He had worked in the fields for his bread, but his name will go down to

those born in the years to come as one who did not fear to lay down his life for what he thought right. He was the first to strike a blow for the cause of the slaves. With a score of men he held the fort at Har-per's Fer-ry for two days. He seized on all the arms he found there, as it was his scheme to arm the blacks with them and lead them to fight the South and set their friends free.

Troops were sent out to seize this man who set at naught the laws of the land. With the small band of brave men with him he fought as did the old Greeks in the years long gone by, with no fear in his breast, though he knew too well his cause was lost and that he must die.

His two sons were shot down by his side as he stood at the head of his band, but he did not pause; still he kept a firm hand on his gun and poured shot in the ranks of the troops. At length he fell with six wounds in the thick of the fight, but he did not die from them. He was hung, and on his way to the place where he was to give up his life his last act was to kiss a babe in a slave's arms.



FLAG OF SOUTH CAR-O-LI-NA.

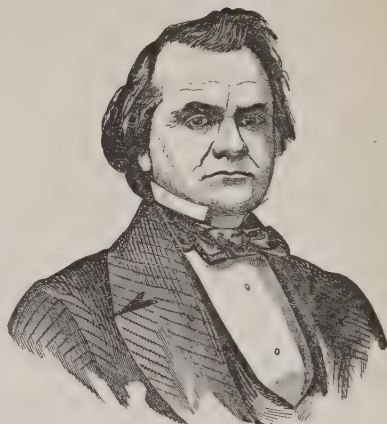
But the torch that John Brown bore was not put out. It had fired the South and North with the fires of war. In 1860 South Car-o-li-na led the way and a bill was passed which said that from that time they would not bear the laws of the U-nion but would make their own laws. And it was not long ere six more States who liked the slave trade

chose the same course that cut them off from the North. These States formed at last what was



JEF-FER-SON DA-VIS.

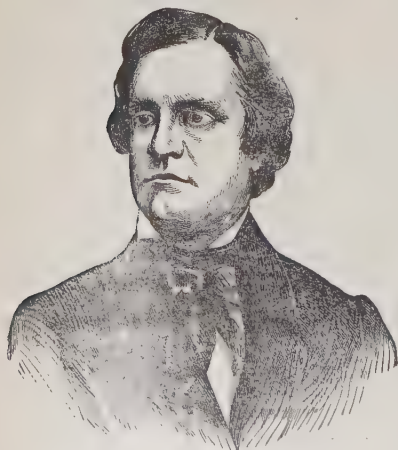
known as the "Con-fed-e-ra-cy," and made Jef-fer-son Da-vis their Pres-i-dent. When Bu-chan-an left the chair at the end of his term he spent the last days of his



STE-PHEN A. DOUG-LASS.

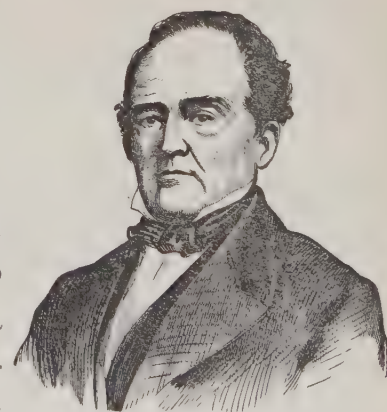
life on a place near Lan-cas-ter, Penn-syl-va-ni-a, where he died in June, 1868. He wrote a book

on his life which is still in print.



JOHN C. BRECK-EN-RIDGE.

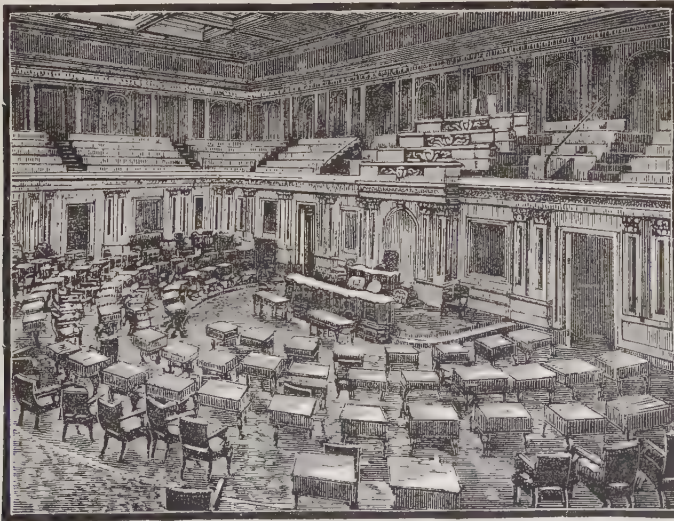
When the time came to choose a new Pres-i-dent the South said



JOHN BELL.

if Lin-coln was made the choice of the North and

the West, they would leave the Union. At the same time there was a great split among the Democrats as to what the whole country should do. The Democrats, as a party, had won all their fights, and would in this case if they had kept solid. They had three tickets in the field. Stephen A. Douglass of Illinois, as the choice of one class; Breckinridge (the Vice-President with Buchanan) another, and John Bell of Tennessee and Edward Everett of Massachusetts still another. This of course made them very weak, and Lincoln gained the prize.



THE SEN-ATE CHAM-BER.

CHAPTER XIV.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

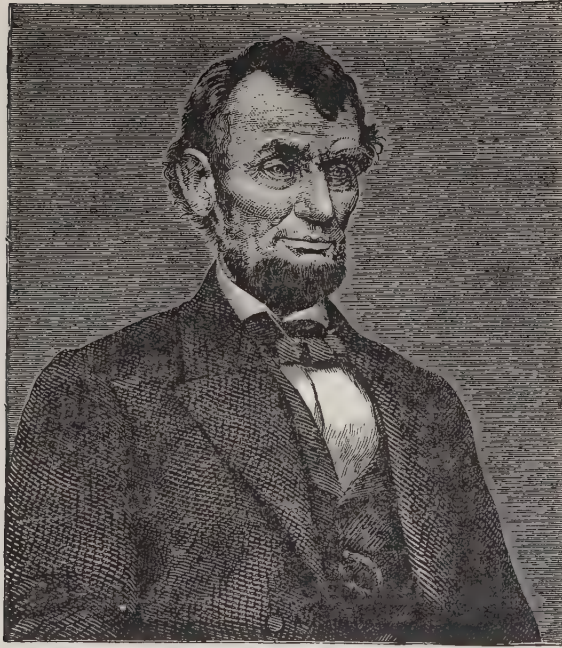
1861 to 1865.

IN a poor log house in Har-din Coun-ty, Ken-tuck-y, A-bra-ham Lin-coln, or "Abe," as he was known through life, was born in 1807. His home



was not as good as the barns of to-day, and stood in the midst of a dense wood where at night when he lay on his bed he could hear the growl of the wolves on the snow. Few of the folks who

LIN-COLN'S EAR-LY HOME IN GEN-TRY-VILLE, IN-DI-AN-A. lived near could read or write, and there were no schools at that time where a boy might learn. One man who knew more than the rest used to take a



A-BRA-HAM LIN-COLN.

few boys and girls to teach them for a small sum at his own house, and "Abe," as we shall call him, when not much more than six years of age, was one of this class. From the first "Abe" took to his books. School life pleased him the more and more he had of it, and he showed that he could learn with ease his tasks, hard as they might be. He could not get much help at home, as there were few there who read and wrote, and there were but three old books in the house, a Church book, the word of God, and one which taught how to spell, and yet it was not long ere the boy knew them all by heart.

In the still hours of the night, by a dim light, he would work on at his books while the rest slept. So young in life were the first good seeds sown that in the years to come were to reap for him fame and a name.

When "Abe" had been scarce a year at school he could read and write as well as most boys can at twelve, and bade fair in a short time to know more than the man who taught him.

But at this time his folks thought they would sell out and move to the Far West, where land was cheap, and take a new farm. This was done, and "Abe" found that in his new home there was still less chance for him to go to school, as they were in

the wilds where no man had set his foot. "Abe" helped to chop down the trees that were to make the house, and though but eight years of age, proved that he was of some use on a farm.

As there was much game in the woods it was not long ere he learned how to use a gun, and would often bring home at night wild fowl for them, so they knew there was no fear that they would starve in their new home.

When they came to build their new log house, "Abe" was of great help, for there was no one they could call on for aid. The first house was six miles off. Soon more folks built near them, and a small town grew up in that wild place. So "Abe" had a chance to go to school once more. He was glad, for he had not found books to read in that wild spot, much as he wished for them.

Books were so scarce in those days that "Abe" would go miles to get one of a friend if he thought it would be lent. The first he read in his new home was the *Life of Wash-ing-ton*, which made its mark on his mind, and had much to do with the brave way he went through life and sought to do right at all times.

When a young man Lin-coln was hired to take charge of a flat-boat filled with skins and furs to trade with the South. "Abe" was glad to go, for he

had a strong wish to see the world of which he had dreamed and thought so much. There was much to be seen on this trip down the stream, but when it rained they had a hard time to keep dry, and had to sleep at times in the wet.

Lin-coln was much pleased with all the new scenes that met his eye, and he was not glad when they got to the end of it and had sold their goods at a fair price. He was well paid by the one who hired him for the way he had made the trip, and praised for it. From that on Lin-coln was at times a raft-man, or he split rails, and when a man in years took charge of a mill and store in the town of New Sa-lem.

At that time of which we write it was thought a great thing for a young man to have full charge of such a place, and he was looked on as a bright youth who soon was the pride of the town.

“Abe’s” name was soon known in the place for truth, as he would not lie or strive to cheat when he made a trade. He had a bright way with him that took with men, and he was full of smart tales that made folks laugh when he told them by the fire at night. When there was no one in the store to buy, Lin-coln read in some good book, for they were not so hard for him to get now.

When the Black Hawk War broke out he at

once met the call for men and formed a small force of armed men in his own town of the young men of the place. He was placed in charge of these troops and marched at once to the seat of war, where he fought it out to the end and then walked home on foot.

Lincoln was at this time a strong, well-formed young man, tall and not without some grace of his own. It is said he could lift a large keg by his hands and drink from the bung-hole, which shows how great was his strength.

One day some young friends of his asked him if he would run for a place. He laughed at the thought of such a thing, but when he found they meant it he said at last that he would run. He lost by a few votes of the count, which showed him at least that he had a host of friends in the place, as there were three smart men who ran with him for the same place. Two years from that time he ran once more and won by a great deal of votes, but he would not give beer or drinks for a vote, that was thought to be the way to win.

Lincoln now took up law, and was soon made one of the bar. His first case was that of a poor boy who lay in jail it was said for a crime he had done and for which there was small hope that he would get off. Lincoln took charge of his case.

He did not make a cent by it, but he set the boy free and sent him back to his home.

In 1846 he took his seat in Congress, and for years he took the part of the slaves, and signed all bills that came up which would help their cause. Lin-coln's name was now known through the length and breadth of the land, and his views were sought at all times when a strong case came up to be judged.

He sprang at once in-to the front rank of the great men of his day, and soon took the lead of them on points of law. All loved him for the good traits he had and for his fear of God which he had shown from his youth up.

Lin-coln was a sad man, though he was famed for his wit and the fun of the tales he would tell. Yet all who saw his grave eyes and fixed, sad mouth knew that in his heart he was not gay. He had at times what his friends knew as a black mood. It would seem as though a thought of his doom was with him all the while. He thought that he was meant for some great or sad end. He would talk of it in a calm way and had felt sure of it all his life. To him it was his fate, and he could not be free from it. He felt that he was to fall from a high place. When he was made Pres-i-dent he said that he would not last through the term. When

his friends wished to guard him from his foes, he would take no pains to do it. "If they wish to kill me," he said, "there is naught to keep them back." He did not wish a guard, but said: "Why stop up a gap when the fence is down all round?" But though he spent most of his life in sad thoughts, he had a good side that made him like a laugh, and he was glad to chase his gloom. But the books he most read were of the sad kind, and what told of death and the grave, or the grief of men's days on earth, had the most charm for him. When he told a tale with wit in it his sad face would change, and the mirth would spread till all the hard lines went out of it. The fun of it would dance in his eyes long ere he would reach the point of it. He would go a long way to find a man who could tell him a fresh thing in the way of fun, and hunt him up and swap jokes with him. They hand down good things he told in all the towns where he was wont to be, and they are heard to this-day. It is said that his jokes were used to keep off his sad moods, and his mirth seemed to be put on.

He was kind but cold, not a man to hate with a deep, fierce hate, nor to love as a fond friend. He would use men as tools and then think of them no more. He did not care much for great men, for he felt that he was as great as the best of them, and

could do all that man could do. It was the aim of his heart to be right and to do what was just to all men. He had not a great love for gold, and would not take a cent by wrong means.

It was a day of gloom when Lin-coln left Springfield to go to Wash-ing-ton, and a cold rain fell.



HOUSE AT CHI-CA-GO WHERE LIN-COLN WAS NAMED FOR PRES-I-DENT.

When he got on the train he went to the rear of the car and stood for some time in deep thought. His eye gazed with a sad glance at the crowd who were there to see him off, as though he would read their hearts. There was a tear in his eye as he saw them it might be for the last time. It seemed as though he could not speak, but at last he said a few words.

He told them that none could know what he felt at that hour. He said: "Here have I lived from my youth till now I am an old man. Here the ties most dear to me have been formed. Here my babes were born and here one of them lies in a grave. To you, dear friends, I owe all I have—all I am. All the strange past seems to crowd now on my mind. This day I leave you. I go to take up a task more hard than that which fell on Washington. If the great God who helped him shall not aid me, I shall fail. Let us pray that this God may not leave me now. To Him I leave you all. Ask His help for me with all faith. With these few words I must leave you, for how long I know not. Friends, one and all, I must now bid you a fond good-by."

All were touched by these words, and more than one was in tears. Four years from that time he was borne back to them dead, and all the way there the towns were hung with black, and each house strove to hang out the badge of grief for one who was mourned by all.

There was talk of plots at that time to kill Lincoln on his way to Washington, but he went through safe. He was a man who would have been glad to have kept the peace of both North and South, but the South would not have it so. They

thought a State had the right to go out if it chose to do so. This was "States' Rights," a creed that had long been held at the South, and there were six States who put it to vote and said they would go out of the U-nion. South Car-o-li-na was the one to lead the way. They said they would make a new band of States where it would be right to hold slaves, and they took Fort Sum-ter, in Charleston Har-bor.

The sound of the first gun at Fort Sum-ter was a shock to the whole land. Most of those at the North who had not felt the slave trade to be wrong now took sides with those who had been its foes from the first. All the States in the South took one side, but the slaves were of course for those who wished to make them free.

Lin-coln said in his speech at New York, when he was on his way to take his seat in the White House : "When the time comes for me to speak I shall then take the ground that I think is right—right for the North, for the South, for the East and for the West—for all our land."

And so he did. The war was a great grief to him. He said : "We did not think it would last so long. Both North and South read the same Word of God, and both pray to Him to aid them in a war on those bound to them by near ties. We

hope, we pray that this scourge of war may soon pass from us."

The States that went out of the U-nion sent men to meet and form a new band, and they chose Jeffer-son Da-vis as Pres-i-dent. At this time some thought it would be best to let the States at the South go out, as all had a dread of war.

Lin-coln made a wise speech on the day he was made Pres-i-dent. He said that he would do all that lay in him to keep the land one, but that he could not let the U-nion be torn in two by a part of it. He said the land could not stand but as one land, that they had to live face to face—the North with the South—and they must be friends. But he would not keep the South from their rights. Kind as his speech was, and wise as most men felt it to be, there were some who looked on it as a threat of war.

The first fire at Sum-ter was like the tap of a drum, and all the South rushed to arms; at the North the news was like a live coal on the hearts of all. A rage swept in a day o'er all, such as had not been seen since the land was known.

The slaves through all the South took it in their heads that the Yan-kees had come to set them free. They would help them in all ways. They served them as guides, and were on hand to dig, work or fight to

get their rights. Lin-coln said that his first great aim was to save the land and not to fight for the slaves. He wrote: "If I could save the U-nion, though I did not free a slave, I would do it. If I must let them all go free to save it I would do it. Still in my own heart it is my wish that all men in all lands should be free."

And at last it seemed best to him to send out a bill which should say that all held as slaves should from that date be free, and that they might serve in the ranks if they chose, or in ships or at forts—or where there was a place—with all the rights of white men. Ere long a great mass of the black men took their place with U-nion troops and proved good and brave.

There were at that time men at the North who were full of fear lest the blacks should rise when they were free and do harm to those who had held them in bonds, but they did not.

Lin-coln heard that there were plots on foot to put an end to his life. He said with a smile: "If all this is true, I don't see what they would gain if they killed me. All would go on the same. When I first used to hear of these threats of death I felt bad; but now they come so fast I am used to them."

There was a rhyme at this time which turned out

to be true. The boys sang: "Now the war was be-gun in '61, and in '62 we'll put it through; in '63 the slaves will be free, in '64 the war will be o'er." At this time it looked as if the war had been put through.

The first band of troops that went through Baltimore were fired on by the mob. They fired back, and nine men fell. This made a great stir in the North.

Lincoln did not find things in the North in a good state for war, though men came in the ranks on all sides when they heard the call, for arms were scarce, so they had to be bought or made in as short a time as they could. Clothes, too, had to be got for the troops, and food and carts to draw them all, and drags for the sick. It had all to be done in a short time, so that there should be no waste or want. Lincoln then made a law that no ships should go in or out of the ports of the South.

The first great fight was at Bull Run, a stream in Vir-gin-i-a. Here the two great foes met. From the first things went wrong with the North, and at last they were put to flight and ran for their lives. The loss on their side was great. It was all in vain that the heads of the troops sought to bring them back to make a charge once more on the foe. They were full of fear and fled. On all the roads and

paths that led to the place were crowds of men in full flight.

Then came the great fight at Get-tys-burg, which seemed the point on which the fate of the land would turn. The North won, but it was at a great price. The South lost still more.

It is said that Lin-corn planned the great move that freed the Mis-sis-sip-pi. He thought of it all the time, and his room was full of maps and plans. He would mark the points where the troops marched, and knew just where they were at all times. He soon saw that Grant was the man to be at the head of the troops, and he put him there. He showed that this was a wise move, for Vicks-burg was soon in the hands of the U-nion troops. And at last the whole length of the Mis-sis-sip-pi, from lands of snow to lands of bloom, was free, and the old flag waved o'er it.

Lin-corn showed at all times a kind heart, and those who went to beg the life of kith or kin knew that they could move him with their tears. One tells of him that in the first part of the war there was a young man who was to be shot, as he had slept at his post. His friends sought the Pres-i-dent and begged for his life. Lin-corn wrote that he should be set free. "I could not go in-to the next world with the blood of that poor young man on

my skirts," he said. "It is not strange that a boy raised on a farm, used to be in his bed at dark, should sleep on his watch, and I can not have him shot for such an act." It is strange to know that the corpse of this youth was found with the slain on the field of Fred-e-ricks-burg. He wore on his heart a card with the face of his loved Pres-i-dent on it, and 'neath it, in his hand, these words: "God bless Pres-i-dent Lin-coln!" Once when one went to Lin-coln to urge that a crowd of men who had sought to leave the troops should be put to death, he said: "For God's sake, don't ask me to make more wives weep in the U-nit-ed States!"

In all the war it was Lin-coln's way to think and act for his own self and not leave it to some one else. He would hear what men said, but it did not have great weight with him. He had a talk with wise men on each case, but at the same time his own mind took the lead.

In the South things were in a sad state, but still they bore up with brave hearts. The crops failed and they could not get goods save at a high price.

At this time Sher-man's great march to the sea took place, and Sa-van-nah fell in his hands with all its guns and stores. The South was at its last gasp.

One by one the ports of the South had been lost to them. At Five Forks the troops of the North, with Sher-i-dan, had to fall back, but they made a charge and swept all in their way. Then Fort Gregg fell in the hands of the North.

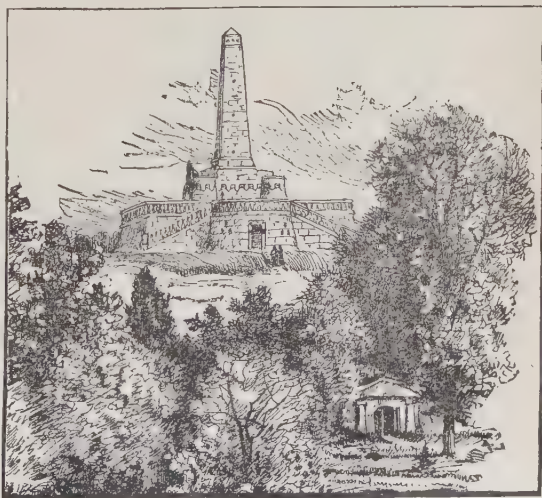
The troops of the South had no food, and were in a sad state. There was no hope for them, and at last Lee sent word that he would come to terms. Grant met him and wrote out his terms. Lee took them. He did not have to give up his sword, and Grant let each man keep his horse, for he said they would need them all to plow the land when the spring came. Then the two chiefs shook hands, and Lee went his way.

The brave Pres-i-dent Lin-corn was shot as he sat in his box at the play, by a man named Wilkes Booth. This man seemed to think that he would thus make up to the South for the woes of the war—as though Lin-corn had been the cause of all. He had led a wild life. He laid this plan and had thought of it for some time. He had by some means got in the box and made the door fast. When he had shot Lin-corn he sprang from the box to the stage, but caught his foot and fell and broke his leg. He had a horse at the door and got off, but was at last found in a barn, where he fought hard for his life. They set the barn on fire to drive him out,

but he stood his ground and fought to the last, when he fell shot.

Booth had shot Lin-coln in the back of the head. The ball went in back of the ear and lodged back of the left eye. He did not move much, but his head fell and his eyes closed. As the sound of the shot rang through the house it was at first thought that it was part of the play; but a friend in the box saw at once what had been done and caught at Booth, who at last got free.

Lin-coln could not speak. Those who stood by his bed saw there was no hope. All the land was full of gloom at the sad news. Men wept as they heard it. Each house wore a badge of grief as they bore his corpse back to his old home. The whole land seemed swathed and hung with black. To this day all hold his name dear. He had found his way to the hearts of all as no man had done. All knew that a brave, true man had passed from this earth.



LIN-COLN MON-U-MENT, SPRING-FIELD, IL-LI-NOIS



WIL-LIAM H. SEW-ARD.

Wil-liam H. Sew-ard was born in Flor-i-da, Or-ange Coun-ty, New York, May 10, 1801. He was the son of one whose work it was to cure the sick. When he was not much more than a boy in years he taught school in Geor-gi-a. He took up law and soon rose to a high place at the bar, and led that side known as the Whigs.

He was twice made the head of the State of New York, which he left at the end of his terms to take up law once more.

A Sen-a-tor in 1849, he was made head of the state by Lin-coln and John-son. He did much good work for Lin-coln and helped make him Pres-i-dent.

At the time Lin-coln was shot it was at first thought Sew-ard would lose his life too, but he got off with but a few wounds made by one of Booth's friends. This man had forced his way into Sew-ard's house as he lay ill. Sew-ard was a man of mark and wrote a good deal for the press. He died at Au-burn, New York, Oc-to-ber 10, 1872.

Sal-mon P. Chase was born in Cor-nish, New Hamp-shire, in 1808. At the age of twelve he was left to make his own way in the world and went to live with one of his kin who taught the word of God and stood high in the church. While a young man he taught school and took up law when he had a chance. At the bar he soon rose to fame, and he tried his best to crush out the slave trade. It was through him that the Free Soil men made a move which placed Van Bu-ren at the head of the land.



SAL-MON P. CHASE.

When Lin-coln was made Pres-i-dent, Chase was placed in charge of the funds of the land. He was made Chief Judge in 1864, and tried Pres-i-dent John-son; but he thought he had done no wrong. He wrote some for the press of the day and had some skill in verse.

He died in New York, May 7, 1873.

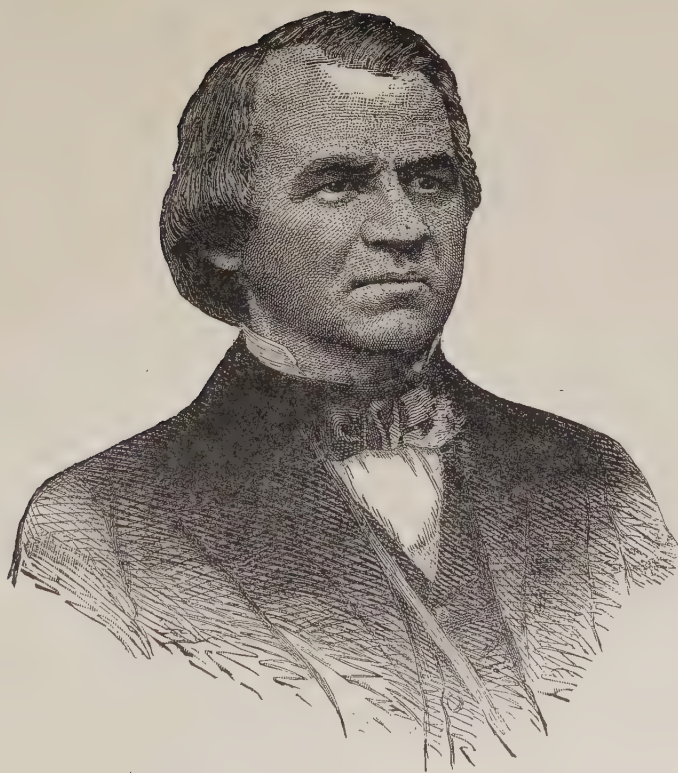
CHAPTER XV.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

1865 to 1869.

THE next day from that on which Lin-coln met his sad fate, An-drew John-son took the chair as the head of our land. John-son was born in Ra-leigh, North Car-o-li-na, De-cem-ber 27, 1808. His folks were too poor to send him to school, so when he was but ten years of age he was sent to work for a man whose trade it was to make clothes. A friend of this man at times came into the shop and would read to the men at their work. This made An-drew wish that he might have books to read of his own, and he at once set to work to learn how to read, to write and to spell. This was his task when his toil was done for the day and he had gone to his poor bare room in the roof where he slept. But it was not till he was a man in years that he could read and write with ease. Then he was wed to a bright girl who taught him all she knew, and he showed an apt mind to learn.

It was not long from this time ere he gave some



Andrew Johnson

thought to the laws of his land and the way it was ruled, and he was soon placed at the head of his town. In a year or two from this time he was sent to a high post from his State, and was then sent to Wash-ing-ton to help make the laws for ten years. In 1853 he was made the head of the State of Ten-nes-see.



GEORGE B. MC-CLEL-LAN.

When the great war broke out with the South and the North, he took sides with the North. When Lin-coln was shot he took the chair, which he held four years. He died near E-liz-a-beth-town, Ten-nes-see, in 1875.

Gen-er-al George B. Mc-Clel-lan, who had been one of the first chiefs of the U-nion ar-my, ran a-gainst Lin-coln on the Dem-o-cratic side in 1864, but did not win.

CHAPTER XVI.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT.

1869 to 1877.

Hiram U-lys-ses Grant, as he was named at birth, was born at Point Pleasant, O-hi-o, April 27, 1822. We are told that when he was but two years of age some one took him in his arms through the town, and

that a young man who owned a gun wished to shoot it off and see what the child thought of the noise. So the babe's

hand was laid on the lock of the gun and pressed there till it went off with a loud noise. The child did not cry out with fear at the sound, as they thought he would, and did not wink or dodge at the



GRANT'S BIRTH-PLACE.

noise, though he had not seen such a thing as a gun in his life. So it is now told to show that at a young age he first gave signs that one day he would lead in war.

As a boy he was more fond of a horse than a dog, and when but eight years of age, while left at home for the day, he hitched up their three-year-old colt to a sled, and hauled sticks and brush from the woods near the house. When he was ten years old Mr. Grant, who saw that the boy knew how to drive, gave him a team in his charge which he drove for two score miles to the town and brought back a load. He soon learned to break a horse and to teach it to pace and trot. It was said by all those who lived near by that no horse was too wild for that Grant boy to ride. For when he made up his mind to ride a horse, he *rode*.

As a youth he was known to have a strong hand and firm nerves. One day he drove some folks o'er a ford when the tide ran high, and the waves rolled in on them. The boy was just as cool as if he stood on firm ground, though all the rest of those with him were filled with fear. "Don't speak, I will take you through safe," he said in a firm voice, and he did. At school he took the lead in all sports, for the boys saw at once that his was a mind born to rule.



U. S. Grant

One strange thing in his life here was that he could not learn what "can't" meant, and we are quite sure that to this day he has not learned it. At school he was one of the few whom no one caught with an oath on his lips, for he thought that to swear was as bad as to take things that were not his own. While he did not go in for fights with the rest of the boys, or stir up strife in their midst, when they drove him to the wall he could take his part as well as the rest, and they soon learned to keep out of the way of his fists. He gave the strength of his arm to help the weak, and would let no one hurt a lame or sick boy at school if he could help it. While he did not lead his class at school, he learned his tasks well.

When he was at an age to make a start in life he did not choose a trade, but wished to learn more than was taught at the school where he had gone as a boy. His folks could not pay to send him to a first rate high school, so they made up their minds to get him in at West Point if they could, where he might learn what he could free of charge. To this well known school he went in 1839, and, though he did not go out of his way to make friends there, was soon the best liked young man there. They all called him "Un-cle Sam," from the U. S. in the first part of his name.

The way he came to be called U-ly-s-es Simpson was when his name was sent in to West Point. The man who sent it in got the name mixed with that of some one else, but it clung to Grant through life, and he is known by it to this day.

While at West Point Grant made his way slow and sure up the rounds of school life. It was his great joy to read works on the arts of war and how men were trained for it. And it was not long ere he got the thought in his mind that he should like to bear arms some day for his own land.

When he left school Grant joined at once the list of our troops as lieu-ten-ant, though we were at that time at peace with all the world, though there was some strife with the In-dians in our States in the far West. It was young Grant's work while out there to give aid to those who lived in the woods and wild hills, and help them keep their homes from the fire brands of the red skins, and at times to drive them back in their haunts when they came out to rob and steal in the cold part of the year.

The next year Grant was sent into Tex-as to drive out the Mex-i-cans, and the first real fight that he was in was that which was fought at Pa-lo Al-to in 1846. We are told that he was brave and kept to the front of his men in the thick of the fight.

From those first in rank he was much praised for the way he fought through all the war in Mex-i-co, and it was not long ere he was raised to a high place in the troops. At the fight of Cha-pul-te-pec, the most fierce that took place in the whole war, he was once more raised, and this time to the head of a small band of our troops. When the war at last came to an end, Grant went home North once more, to New York. From there he went to the West to keep the In-dians back in their raids. Here he still held good the name he had earned as a brave man who knew not fear.

When the gold craze broke out in Cal-i-for-ni-a, the thirst for gold brought vile, rough men there from all parts of the world who knew no love of God or man and lived wild lives. Young Grant and a force of men were sent out West to keep them within the bounds of our laws, if it could be done. For the good work he did while here Grant was raised to the rank of cap-tain.

In 1854 he left the troops and went to live near St. Louis, and for five years was hard at work at a trade. At last he started to tan hides and skins in the town of Ga-le-na, Il-li-nois, and did well from the first. The firm of Grant and Son were soon known as the best in the trade.

When the war at last broke out and Sum-ter had

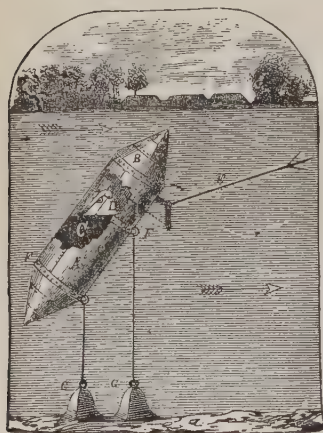
been fired on, Grant at once left his work where he had done so well and took up arms. He formed the troops in his own State to march to the front and did a great deal to get men to join our ranks and to drill them for the great fights that were to come. He was soon made a col-o-nel of these troops and at once trained them for the fight. He was made a gen-er-al and placed in charge of a post at Cai-ro, on the O-hi-o river. His first work was to block all the streams and roads for miles, so that the South could not get food and guns through the lines.

While in camp here Grant is said to have lived a plain life and not at all like a man of his rank might have done. Those who were his aids wore more gold stripes and gew-gaws than he. While their caps were gay with gold lace he went through camp with an old black felt slouch hat on, with not so much as a gilt cord on it. He smoked all the time.

In the month of Oc-to-ber, 1861, Grant sent out men to stop the force from the South that marched on us. At Fred-e-rick-town the troops met, and Grant's men drove the foe back. They then came back to their old posts.

The Con-fed-e-rates at this time held two forts which Grant would have liked to get in-to his hands. They were Forts Hen-ry and Don-el-son. As soon

as Grant had a good chance he set out with a small force of men and gun-boats to take them. He had to go at night with great care down the stream to where the forts lay, for fear they should be blown up by things the foe had laid in their way.



TOR-PE-DO.

It was a bright day when Grant and his men came in front of Fort Hen-ry, but the roads were bad, as it had rained much in the night. The fort had but few troops left in it, as they had been sent to a fort a few miles off to give aid, but those that were there fought well and did their best to drive Grant and his gun-boats off, but it was of no use. There was no chance that the fort could be held, so

when they had fought hard inch by inch they at last gave it up.

A week from that day Grant and his men left to charge on Fort Don-el-son, cheered by the thought that at least one of the forts they had set out to take was theirs.

The fort on which they marched stood on a high bluff, with a stream on one side of it. Grant knew it was a strong well-built fort, and that he must get it if he hoped to break up the war; so he made up

his mind to have his gun-boats fire on it from the stream while he led his men to the walls by land.

The first time he tried this he failed. Then came a great snow storm and rain that put them back in their work for a long time.

All their food was gone and there was no chance to get more for some time. They were in bad straits. Those who had wounds had naught to eat or drink, and their cries were sad to hear as they prayed for help or death. Not a few died from cold and lack of food.

At last when all hope was gone, our fleet came in sight on the 14th of Feb-ru-a-ry. Food was soon brought to the men and the ships, in charge of Com-mo-dore Foote, turned to the fort and with no loss of time fired on it with all the strength of their guns.

But the fort held its own. Sheets of flame and hail of fire burst from the loop holes in its walls, so that at last our gun-boats had to draw back much hurt by the guns of the foe.

The gun-boats were in such a bad way that they had to be sent off to get fixed up. In the mean time Grant held his place near the fort and cut off all chance of help from them. He knew it would not be long ere they would give up, for their food and drink could not last a long time.

Gen-e-ral Floyd, who led the men in the fort, thought he would try to cut his way out with his men through Grant's ranks. But he did wrong to count on this bold stroke, as it failed ; but he and Gen-e-ral Pil-low made out to slip off one dark night to Nash-ville. The next morn Grant made up his mind that he would waste no more time on a siege, but would storm the walls and drive them out. A flag of truce came just at this time, and he was asked on what terms he would let the chief of the fort give it up. Grant said at once that they must give up all, or he would at once move on their works. So they gave up the fort and soon Grant's troops marched in to its smoke stained walls, while the stars and stripes waved in the breeze on the top of its flag staff. The gun-boats sent out shots to cheer our men as they marched to the sound of the drum and fife, while the crowds of men and folks on the bank sent out shout on shout of joy that the fight was won.

But though Grant won the fight it was at a high price. The field was red with blood, and from right to left the dead lay thick, and all the tents were full of maimed men. It was a sad sight.

The fall of this fort broke the line of the forts of the South, and there was much fear through their ranks. At Nash-ville the news was brought to the

town while the folks were in church, and all grew pale as they heard it. It was true that the troops of the North were on their way South. In their fright and craze to get off they gave large sums for a horse and cart to take them from the scene. They burned the grand bridge in the town that had been their pride, and some fine stores fell a prey to the flames. In a short time stars and stripes waved o'er the city.

While Grant was in this part of the State, he gave his men to know that they were in no case to rob and steal from those who had to live there. That they must have the folks think they came as friends and not as thieves. This rule they were forced to go by, and it was soon found to be a good and just one.

At the fight at Shi-loh there was a great loss on both sides, but at last the troops of the South were put to rout. Though shot and shell fell to left and right of Grant he seemed to bear a charmed life, and did not get but one wound, and that by a sword on his foot.

There was great joy in the North when the news of the fight reached them, and Grant was much praised for what he had done to win it. Grant was soon made next to the head of all the troops in the field, and the same year he laid siege to Vicks-burg and Cor-inth.

At Vicks-burg the siege was long and fierce. A fleet of ships from the North kept up a fire on the town while Grant and a force of men marched on it by land. His men had to live the mean while on what they could pick up, as there was



BOATS AT VICKS-BURG.


no way they could get food from the North to them.

It was not long ere Grant and his men held all the land and streams near the town so that those in its walls could not get food and were in sore straits. Mule meat was sold in the streets, and folks were

glad to buy it at a high price. When the shot and shell poured in on them they sought caves in the hill-sides where they might hide from it. To add to this sad time large parts of the town were blown up by the troops of the North, so that it was not safe there at all in the streets. In spite of all the town was held for near two months, though it was strange how they could do it at all.

Grant at last grew tired be-cause they would not give in, and made up his mind for a great charge. Gen-e-ral Pem-ber-ton, who was in charge of the troops in the town, tried to make terms with Grant, but he would not and said he must go on with the work. The next day Pem-ber-ton had to yield, and the troops of the North were soon in the town. They did all they could to help the poor folks who had fought so hard for their homes—gave them food and clothes, and did all that could be done to bring them back to health and life once more. That day saw the stars and stripes wave from the Vicks-burg court-house.

Grant took up his stand in Vicks-burg, but he still kept hard at work. Day and night his mind and thoughts were bent on what plans he might use to bring the war to an end, for he was sick of all the blood that had been spilled. The thought was sad to him that his men must take the lives of those



who had been brought up 'neath the same skies as they, and in the same land. He would have peace at all price, but he knew that naught but war could bring it to pass.

The news of Vicks-burg's fall was heard with great joy in the North, for it now looked as if their cause would win and that the South could not hold out for much time if things went on as they had done. They were proud, too, of Grant for the work he had done, for they knew he was the right man in the right place.

It would not be out of place to say a few words here of life in camp with Grant. It has been said that he was hard on his men and made them toil when they were not fit to bear arms, but this is not so. He was firm but he was just, and saw to it that those in his charge had their rights. He made rules and he saw that his men lived by them. If a man made up his mind to do right he had naught to fear from Grant. It was those who were bad and who stole and drank that he was rough with. In his camp things moved like clock-work, as they should. There was no noise or broils in the tents, and to this care which he took to have things right no doubt he owed much of his good luck in war. Those who lived near his camp had naught to fear from his men, as he kept them in bounds and would

not let them raid the farms or burn and steal as is oft done at such a time. To the poor slaves who had been set free he was just as kind as to the whites, and fed and cared for them in his camp when they had no place to lay their heads at night.

In August, 1863, Grant went to Memphis and got there late at night. The next day a grand feast was made for him, and speech and toast went round in praise of him, their guest, till it must have done his brave heart good.

When Grant came back to Vicks-burg he had his troops march out that he might view them. This is said to have been his dress on that day, which shows that he was by no means vain, though he was great. He wore a plain suit, with no sword, sash or belt. His coat loose in front, a low-crown soft felt hat on his head, and no mark on his dress of his rank, and a pair of kid gloves on his hands. That was what he wore.

It was on this day that he viewed the troops that his horse fell on him and he was much hurt—so much that for a time it was feared that he could not go in to the field of war for some time. It made all in the North sad when this was known, but in a month's time, to the joy of his friends, Grant was once more on his horse at the head of his troops.

In 1863 a fight took place at Chat-ta-noo-ga.

Grant for his work got a gold badge from Congress. He was placed in charge of all our troops in the field in March of the next year. In the fight in the Wil-der-ness he showed what a brave man could do. Here he met Lee. It was in the midst of a dense woods, through which he marched on the foe, where the trees grew so thick that his troops could not ride, so the fight went on in a hand to hand way. The shots and sparks from the guns soon set the woods on fire, which made it hard to breathe.

In this hand to hand strife men were at times so close to each that they could not fire their guns, but had to use them as clubs. Han-cock had thrown up earth-works for his men to rest back of from the heat of the wood fire, but the wind set the brush in a flame by the sparks in the air, and soon drove the poor men out. This the Con-fed-e-rates thought was a good chance for them to seize on the works, so they made a rush and set their flag on the wall of the brush works; but they did not hold their place long. A charge was made and they had to flee.

In this fight the U-nion troops met with great loss, and hosts of their men got bad wounds and dropped out of the fight. Lee soon found out that he must fall back if he did not want to leave all his men on the field, so he took up his ground

at Spott-syl-va-ni-a Court House, where Grant found him and fought him for three days, though it could not be said that Grant or Lee won. It was a fierce fight, and no side could lay a just claim that they had won it.

Grant's next work was to march to Pe-ters-burg with his troops and seize the place if he could, though this had been tried more than once. When he got in sight of the works of the foe at this place he put it in a state of siege. As long as the town had food they could hold out, and they did so for ten months.

In this time Grant made two great moves to take the town. First he dug a huge mine from a point in his lines to the fort of the foe. It was four feet wide, and full of tons of stuff that could be lit by a fuse and blow things sky high. When this was all fixed so it would go off the fuse one day was lit. An hour went by and not a sound was heard from it. At last two brave men crept in to the mine and found that the fuse was in two parts. They made it right so that it would fire the charge when lit and got out in haste, as the whole place blew up with a noise like the roar of a great sea.

The fort was blown to bits, and in its place was a large chasm where lay heaps of dead and piles of guns. It was a sad scene. Then the U-nion

troops charged on the fort, or what was left of it, while their guns sent shots in to the walls, but they were too late, for the foe were up in arms, and as the troops of the North filled the chasm where had late been the fort, they were mowed down like grass. And so the scheme of the mine did not turn out so well as they thought at first it might, and Grant lost a great host of men in the fight, so that he had to draw off his troops.

But while he did not keep up the siege he still kept hard on the heels of his foe, and the fight at a place known as Deep Bot-tom took place, where he won and a great host of men fell in his hands. At Five Forks the same year he won once more, and at last made up his mind that he would try for Pe-ters-burg once more.

At four in the morn of A-pril third he charged on the forts at this place, and in a hard fight took two of them. He then had his men tear up all the rail-roads near the place so that those in the town could not get food.

Gen-e-r-al Lee, who had charge of the troops of the South in Rich-mond and Pe-ters-burg, saw at once that he and his men must leave, and on the 3d of A-pril the stars and stripes waved from the walls, and soon the boys in blue were seen in the streets of the towns that had been looked on as

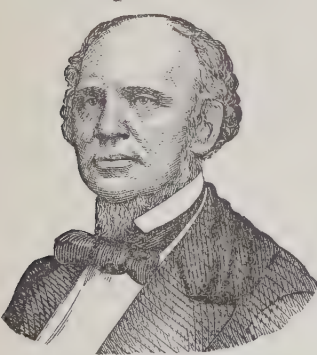
the strong-holds of the South. It was a great day for the North when this news was known.

It was not long from this time ere Grant drove Lee to the wall, and all the great hosts of troops led by that great chief of the South fell in to his hands.

This was one of the first signs that the South could not hold its own long, and soon in all the



HOUSE WHERE GRANT AND LEE MET.



HO-RA-TI-O SEY-MOUR.

States of the South they gave up the fight. Grant's trip to the North when peace had at last been fixed was a grand one. At each place on the route there were crowds who wished to see the man of the hour who had done so much for them. He was made Pres-i-dent in March, 1869, by a large vote, and he held his seat for two terms. Ho-ra-ti-o Sey-mour, who was Gov-ern-or of New York, was set up by the Dem-o-crats, but lost. In his time all the States of the South came back to the U-nion. Great tracts of land were made ours, and the debt of the land was made

much less. A law was made in his time which held that all men should have a right to cast their vote. in this land, and no race or hue should be kept out.

In Grant's last term a grand show was held at Phil-a-del-phi-a to keep the day on which the States were made free. All the lands in the world sent



CEN-TEN-NI-AL EX-HI-BI-TION BUIL-DING.

things they had made to be shown there, and all the trades in the world had place in the great walls. When Grant's two terms were up

he took a tour round the world, and in all lands he was made as much of as though he had been a king. His last home was in New York. He fell sick in 1884, and after eight months of pain he died at Mount Mc-Greg-or, near Sar-a-to-ga, on Ju-ly 23, 1885, and was bur-ied Au-gust 8, 1885, at Riv-er-side Park (on the Hud-son), New York Cit-y.

Hor-ace Gree-ly ran on the side that was not for Grant, and which was known at the time as the Lib-e-rals. It was made up of those men who wished for a change in the laws of the land. Gree-ly was a man of much note who stood high in the minds of all in the land, and it was thought his name would sweep the States as by storm.



HOR-ACE GREE-LY.

Gree-ly came to New York in 1841 a poor boy, with small funds to start in life. His first work was to print a news sheet that was known by the name of the "Log Cab-in." The main view of this sheet was to aid Gen-e-ral Har-ri-son to the place of Pres-i-dent. When this had been done Gree-ly was the one to start the *New York Tri-bune*, which grew to be the voice of the Re-pub-li-cans and is to this day. This sheet was one of the first to cry down the slave trade, and did much good work to place Lin-coln in the chair.

Gree-ly was sent to Con-gress in 1848, and it was he who went bail for Jef-fer-son Da-vis, which brought him the hate of some men on his own side.

He lost in the race for the Pres-i-den-tial chair, as he took Dem-o-crat-ic votes, which his own side

thought was wrong, and it was this fact more than all else that lost him the day.

The *Tri-bune* lost caste for a while at this time, and Gree-ley's mind soon grew weak when he knew his cause was dead. In a short time his health broke down and he was put in a mad-house, where in a short time he died.



TRI-BUNE BUILD-ING, NEW YORK CIT-Y.

CHAPTER XVII.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

1877 to 1881.

RU-THER-FORD B. HAYES was born in Del-a-ware, O-hi-o, in 1822. He came of a brave race of men who had fought and bled in the wars of our land, and he was first taught to read and write at the State school near his home. He worked hard to learn his tasks and was let in to the high school class, where he soon stood at the head. He next took up law, and soon rose to a high grade as one of the bar. In the war of North and South he did much for the cause of the North, and was looked on as a brave man and one well placed to lead troops in a fight. While still in the field his State chose him to send to Congress, and then he was put at the head of it for three terms.

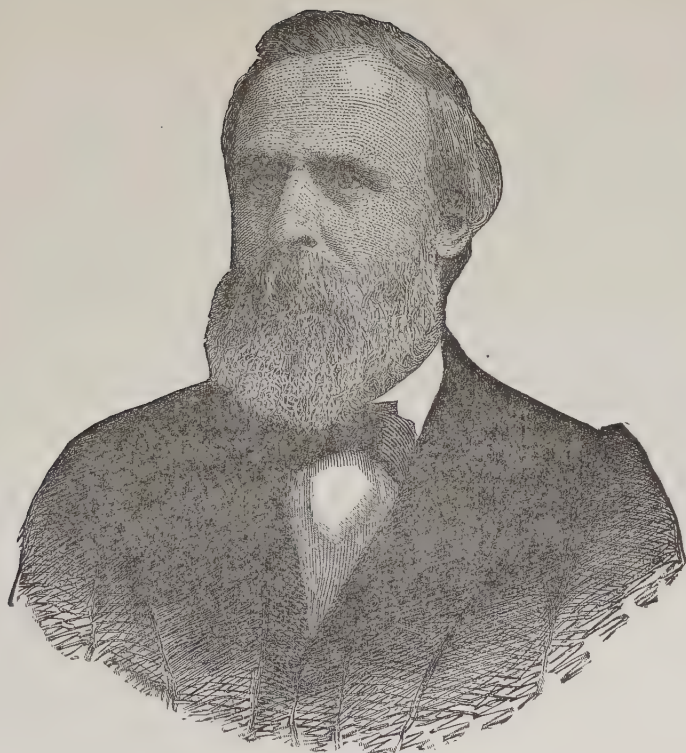
When he was at last made Pres-i-dent it was thought a fraud in the count by some, and most of the Dem-o-crats held that their man, Til-den, who had been Gov-ern-or of New York State, had won the day. Hayes found that the South was in a sad

state, and he did much to bring peace to that land. He thought that if hard coin was brought in use once more in the place of bank bills, it would be a great help to all.

In 1877 came what is known as the great "*Rail-road Strike*." The heads of the great lines from the sea to the West said they could not pay as much as they had done, so all the men in their hire left their posts and came in mobs to stop the trains on their way. They thought they were not paid well for all the work they did, so they rose in arms to force those who hired them to come to terms.

Troops were sent out to put a stop to this, and nine of the men who struck were killed, and not a few got bad gun-wounds. But the strike spread, and at one time it was feared the whole land might get in to their hands. For two days Pitts-burgh was held, to the great fear of those who lived there. Cars were burned on the tracks and much grain spoiled that was stored in them. The troops at length, with hard fights, got the whip-hand of the mob, but not till much had been burned and spoiled.

In the spring of this year a war broke out with an In-dian tribe known as the Nez Per-ces, who robbed and burned some towns and slew the folks who lived there. Gen-e-ral How-ard was sent out to put a stop to this, but it was hard work at first



Sincerely
R. B. Hayes

to catch the red-skins, for when our troops came near they fled at once to the wild hills where they were at home. At last he got to their strong-hold when he had chased them for a long time. A fierce fight took place and they were soon put to rout. One of their chiefs got off with a few of his braves, but all the rest were slain or brought, bound, from the field of war.



SAM-U-EL J. TIL-DEN.

Sam-u-el J. Til-den, who had been a very good head of the great State of New York, was the choice of the Dem-o-crats a-gainst Hayes. There was a great cry of fraud as to the way the count was made, and there were folks who thought a war might come of it. Til-den had the most votes in the whole coun-try, but Hayes was placed in the chair and all went well. Hayes is still liv-ing in Mas-sil-lon, O-hi-o.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

March 4, 1881, to September 19, 1881.

JAMES A-BRAM GAR-FIELD, whose sad fate made all the known world mourn his loss, was born in Or-ange, O-hi-o, in 1831. His eyes first saw the light in a poor log hut, the cracks of which were filled up with mud to keep out the cold and rain, and the floor of which was made of hard clay. Here he spent his youth. He had books, and when he was through his hard day's work he would climb up to a hole 'neath the roof of the hut, which was known as the loft, and sleep the sleep of the just on a pile of poor straw. He was the son of A-bram Gar-field, a poor but good man who died when James was but a few years old. The place where they lived lay in the midst of a deep wood, and the trees at times would take fire from the sparks thrown out by steam-cars on the rail-roads some miles off. These fires would burn up much grain and stock on the farm which his folks, who were quite poor, could not well bear to lose. Gar-field

made up his mind that the next time a fire came that way he would try and see if he could not put it out ere it could waste the farm and lands that lay ripe with corn and grain. He had not long to wait. One night he saw a bright light shine through the chinks in the roof and sheets of flame near the house. He rushed out of the house and threw up banks of earth in the way of the fire so that it could not scorch the fields of young corn that lay on each hand. Long hours he worked on and at last saved his farm, but he died from the work, as he took a bad cold.

So James was left to make his own way in the world, and worked on the farm when but a small boy. He milked the cows, sawed wood, and did all the chores there was need of on a farm. In the wilds where he was brought up there was not much chance for him to go to school, as the roads were all new and were much like bogs in the time of rain and snow. The school-house lay miles off and hard to reach, for the woods were filled with wolves and fierce beasts that were much feared by those who lived there. But in spite of all this he went to school when he got a chance and showed from the first that he was quick and apt to learn. At home, in the cold nights of the year when no one dared go out, by the bright fire as his light he



J. A. Garfield

read much in the few books that were at hand or that some one would lend him. He did not waste the hours of his life in play, as most boys of his age would do, and when but eight years of age he could read and spell and knew much of the Good Book, as well as the tales and lore of his own land and those in far off climes. And all this time that he stored his mind with great thoughts of great men he did not cease to work, as a good son should, and hard work it was.

He rose with the sun, we might say, and plowed or sowed from the time he rose from his bed till eve. He did not like to say "I can't" when asked to do a thing, but said at all times, "I can do that!" He had been taught, and he knew the words were true, that "Half the fight was to think you could do a thing." He had a firm trust and faith in God. "God helps folks to be good, and if we do not have His help we can not hope to be good in aught." This his moth-er had told him.

Yet James was a big boy ere he had heard a church bell toll, and when they did go to church it was apt to be eight or ten miles off through the rough roads in the woods. The day of rest was oft passed by his folks in their home, much as they loved to hear the Word of God.

So were the first years of James Gar-field's life

passed, years in which he picked up a great deal from what he read and saw. Time rolled on and he felt that he ought to go out into the great world and see it. What he had read in his books did but add to this wish, so he took a job to chop wood on the shores of Lake E-rie. The sight of the ships on the lake made him wish that he might go to sea, for he had his own queer views, such as most boys share, that a life on the wave must be a gay one. He thought he would at least try a trip on the lake to see if he liked it. So he set out with his pick on his back to the dock where the ships lay moored. He found a man in charge on board of one, but he was not at all like those he had read of in his books. He was a coarse man who swore at him and bade him get off the ship or "he'd throw him off." So, sick at heart, the poor boy turned and left and took a place on a coal barge. With what he made here James went back to his old home in the wild woods, glad to see once more the faces he loved.

From that time James Gar-field went on and up to the goal of his hopes. He worked hard that he might go to school, and rose to be the head of his class in each branch. He was made one of the O-hi-o Sen-ate and of Con-gress, and when the war of North and South broke out he joined the troops of the North, and fought as a brave man should.

He soon took charge of the troops in parts of the land and won much fame in the great fights of the war.

In 1880 he was named by the Re-pub-li-cans for Pres-i-dent, and was placed in the chair as the choice of the land. The Dem-o-crats wished to



GEN-E-RAL W. S. HAN-COCK.

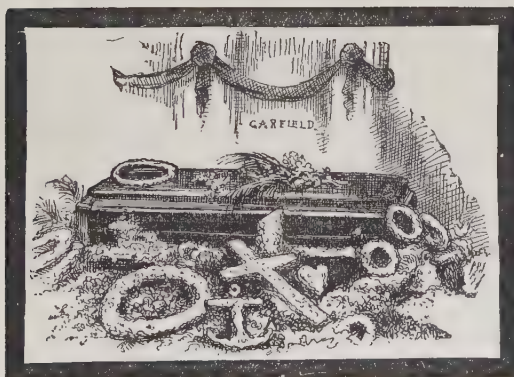
have Gen-e-ral Han-cock, a man who had fought well through the war, but he failed to win. Four months from the time Gar-field took this place he was shot, on Ju-ly 2, 1881, by Charles Gui-teau, while on his way to take a train for the North.

They bore him back to the White House, where he lay for a long time on a bed of pain, while all hearts were sad for him, and all prayed to God that his life would be spared.

When he got worse they took him to Long Branch, in the hope that the sea air would do him good. In a house on the beach he lay ill for a space of three weeks, but he did not get well, and on Sep-tem-ber 19, 1881, he drew his last breath. When this was known the old world and the new wept as one land o'er his new-made grave. The hearts of kings

and queens of far-off lands went out in grief to those he left to mourn round his own fire-side. And in our own land the grief was most felt. For weeks the loss of this great and good man was mourned by all. Gui-teau, who had done the deed, was hung for his crime.

Gar-field's name stands bright as the stars in the sky of night on the scroll of fame, writ in fire that burns on through all the years.



CHAPTER XIX.

CHESTER ALLAN ARTHUR.

1880 to 1884.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR was born in Fair-field, Frank-lin Coun-ty, Ver-mont, in 1830. He went to the State schools near his home for some years, for it was the wish of his folks that he should learn all he could.

Ar-thur was but a lad when he went to U-nion Col-lege to learn. He did so well while there that in 1849 he had gone through each course they had in the school.

The whole time he was at this place he paid his way by his own work. He taught school, and in this way got quite a small sum, which he laid up in the bank for his time of need. When he was through school he still taught, and at one time was at the head of quite a large school in Ver-mont. As he had by this time some means laid by he set out for New York, for he wished to take up law. He staid here till he was let in to the bar, and then made a start of his own with an old friend and



C. A. H. Allen

school-mate. They thought they would try the West first, but soon made up their minds to come back to New York, where they soon won a name in the State.

In 1856 Ches-ter Ar-thur won a suit which gave the blacks the right to ride in horse-cars with the whites. A slave girl had been put out of a street-car in New York, and Ar-thur sued the firm who owned the line and won his case with a small sum for the girl. For some years from this time Gen-eral Ar-thur held high place in the State of New York, and did such work that he was liked by all. He was twice made the chief in charge of the port of New York.

In 1880 he was made Vice-Pres-i-dent of our land.

When Pres-i-dent Gar-field died at Long Branch he was at once sent for to come there, and at two on the morn of Sep-tem-ber 30 he was sworn in as our Pres-i-dent, at his home in New York.

In 1883 the great Star Route case came up. The cause of it was said that a ring of men had made use of that part of our mails which they had in their charge to cheat the Gov-ern-ment. On the 14th of June, 1884, the case came to a close and they were let off.

In 1884 two great fairs to show the arts and

trades of the States were held in Lou-is-ville and New Or-leans, which drew folks from all parts of the land.

Gen-e-ral Ar-thur went back to his home and his law of-fice in New York Cit-y at the end of his term.



JAMES G. BLAINE.

It was thought that Gen-e-ral Ar-thur would have been put up a-gain, but James G. Blaine, of Maine, a smart and well read man who had held high place in the laws of the land for more than a score of years, was the choice of the Re-pub-li-cans. There was a split in the par-ty and he lost the day, and the Dem-o-crats got their man, Gro-ver Cleve-land, in.

CHAPTER XX.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

1885-1889.

STE-PHEN GRO-VER CLEVE-LAND was the first Dem-o-crat who had the chair for more than a score of years.

He was born in the town of Cald-well, New Jer-sey, on March 18, 1837, and was the fifth child of a good man whose task it was to preach the Word of God in the church of the place. He came of a good stock, and one that might fill him with pride of birth, not for their wealth, but for their gift of mind. He was of a race that had shown a strong will and brave hearts.

When he was but three years old they moved to Fay-ette-ville, New York, and this was where he spent nine years of his life and went to school most of the time.

They were poor, but the boys and girls had all the chance they could wish to go to school, so that they might be fit to hold posts of trust when they grew up and were of an age to earn their bread.



George Charles

When Par-son Cleve-land grew sick, Gro-ver at once made up his mind that he would like to earn his own bread and help his folks. His first place was in a store in this town, where he was paid a small sum for his work, and we are told that he was true to his trusts and gained the good will of all in the place. This he held for two years, when he went back to his books. But a great grief was in store for Gro-ver that he did not think would come so soon. Par-son Cleve-land, worn out with his work, died. This death made a change in the whole course of Gro-ver's life.

He had to go back to work and earn bread for those who were in need at home. He found a place in the "Home for the Blind," in New York, where he staid for two years. At the end of that time he made up his mind that he would learn law, so he set out with a friend to the west part of the State, where they hoped they could get a chance.

'Twas a strange quest on which these two youths thus set out. They had no friends to find them a place, and their funds were small to keep them while on the search.

He stopped in Buf-fa-lo with one of his kin, who found him at last a place such as he wished. It was said of him that at this time that when he had work to do he did it, and did it well.

He was at work in this place for eight years, and the first year he was not paid at all for what he did.

When the war broke out Gro-ver had a wish to go and bear arms for the help of his land, but he thought it was not right when those at home were in need of help and had no one else to look to for it. But there were two that went forth from that home to do or die for the right.

Cleve-land soon was known as a man well versed in the law, and he took charge of more than one great case that brought him in much fame. For the most part of the time he was on the side that won. He was soon called to take more than one high place to put in force the laws of his State. He is said to have worked at all times for the cause of a poor man with more zeal than for the rich, if he thought he was in the right. His fame soon spread through the State, and he was placed at the head of the town and then at the head of the State. He was at all times hard at work and would oft spend the whole night with his books when he had to read up for a case. At no time in his life did he seek for place. It was his own true worth that won them for him. He made his way up step by step and soon won the good will of all. As the chief man in the laws of Buf-fa-lo he showed his true worth in the way he put down those who had lived by bribes

in high places, and he did much to cleanse the town of such men as stood in the way of its best growth.

When the time came to choose a head for the great State of New York, in 1882, Cleve-land was named to stand for the place. Charles Fol-ger ran with him, but lost by great odds. In his place as the head of the State Cleve-land showed that he was worthy the trust that men had placed in him, and he still went on with his good work.

The term of Cleve-land's stay in the White House was not marked with great changes—or much of note. What was called the Chi-nese Bill was passed to keep out the Chi-nese from this land. Some felt that this was not a just bill, as the same rule was not made for those who came from the rest of the world. Men thought it was not fair to pick out Chi-na and say that no man who came from there could land on our shores. But those who wished the bill to pass said that the Chi-nese did not want to be A-mer-i-cans, and would not be, if they stayed here for years. They came here to make what they could, but they meant to go back to their homes at last, and take with them all they had made. They would not take the right to vote if they could get it. So the bill was passed to keep them out, but the Chi-nese who were here at the time had leave to stay.

The Mills Bill to make the tax less on all goods

brought in-to the U-ni-ted States made more stir than aught else in Cleve-land's term. The cry of "free trade" rose, and the class-es who work, the men of trade, took fright. They knew the price of all work was low in Eu-rope, and they thought if a tax were not fixed on the things made there, they would sell just as cheap here or else A-mer-i-can things would have no sale at all. Then they said wa-ges here would soon be as low as in Eu-rope, and the poor man would have less to live on. When Cleve-land was put up for a new term, the cry of "no free trade" rang through the land, and the fear of that change did much to make him lose votes. But all he wished to do was to make the tax less. This tax on goods and all things brought in our ports is called a "tar-iff."

Cleve-land was the first Pres-i-dent who was wed in the White House. He took for his wife Miss Fran-ces Fol-som.

James G. Blaine, of Maine, had a host of friends, who would have been glad to have made him the next Pres-i-dent. He was in Eu-rope when the choice was made, and it is said he would have served if he had been the choice of all. But there were some who feared to put him up, as he had not proved the best man to win the last time. So they chose Ben-ja-min Har-ri-son, of In-di-an-a, and he gained the place. He was made our Pres-i-dent on March 4, 1889.

CHAPTER XXI.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

1889 to 1893.

Ben-ja-min Har-ri-son, our Pres-i-dent at this time, was born at North Bend, O-hi-o, and is the son of John Scott Har-ri-son and the grand-son of William Hen-ry Har-ri-son, the ninth Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States. He learned law, and was wed when quite young to Miss La-vin-ia Scott. When the war broke out he helped raise men to form what was called the "70th In-di-an-a," and he was made Col-o-nel of it. For two years he served well in the fights with the foe. For his brave work at Re-sa-ca on May 14, 1864, he was made a Brig-a-dier-Gen-er-al. He stayed on till the close of the war. He was liked by his men, for he was kind to them and they called him "Lit-tle Ben." He went back to his home and his work at law when the war came to an end. His State chose him to a place in the Sen-ate. While there he showed in his speech-es that he was not for free trade.

And now ten times ten years had passed since George Wash-ing-ton had been called to take his place as first Pres-i-dent of our land. It was thought fit to keep the day—to mark the great changes that



Benjamin Harrison

had been made in this time—and to think of the good and great man who had helped the land in its sore need, who had led in the war that made us free, and ruled in such a wise way when peace came at last. So what was called the “Wash-ing-ton Cen-ten-ni-al” was held in New York Cit-y on April 29 and 30, 1889. Stores and hous-es were decked with flags, and arch-es were built of wood and wreathed and hung with red, white, and blue. The well-known face of Wash-ing-ton looked out on all sides from wreaths of green. The streets were filled by a dense mass, and rank on rank of troops filed by for hours. The drums beat, the bands played their best, and cheers rang out on all sides as that long train of men marched on. The Pres-i-dent and all his men were met by a barge and brought to the slip at Wall Street with all the ships of war drawn up each side. As they went up the steps of the Cit-y Hall, young school-girls in white strewed flow-ers on their way, as the girls had done in the time of Wash-ing-ton. In the church-es men met to give thanks, and then the Pres-i-dent and his friends went to the same place where Wash-ing-ton took his oath to serve as Pres-i-dent. Speech-es were made there. Har-ri-son spoke for a short time in a strong voice, and he was greet-ed with cheers. The troops from the South, with the flags of their States, were all there, side by side with Un-ion men, so that it seemed that

they thought of the war no more. So grand a sight as these long lines of troops had not been seen in the U-ni-ted States since the men came back at the close of the war and marched through Wash-ing-ton. At night fire-works were sent off at points through the town. The Ger-man, the French, the Swiss, marched side by side, some in quaint garb such as they had worn in their homes in the old lands. The Ger-mans sent large floats, built at a great cost, that showed the way in which some of the trades were worked. The boys from the free schools made a fine part of the show.

The first thing that was done while Har-ri-son was Pres-i-dent was to pass the Tar-iff Bill, brought into the House by Mr. Mc-Kin-ley. By this bill the tax on all goods brought in-to the U-ni-ted States was fixed so as to keep out cheap goods from Eu-rope, and thus make sure of high wa-ges to the A-mer-i-can work-ing man.

A con-gress of all the Amer-i-can States was held at Wash-ing-ton, and men from Chi-li, Bra-zil, Mex-i-co, Ar-gen-ti-na and oth-er Span-ish states met to talk over a plan for a great



WIL-LIAM MC-KIN-LEY.

un-ion of all A-mer-i-ca, and thus make them bet-ter friends with us and with each oth-er.

A-way up in the north of the Pa-cif-ic O-cean is the home of the pret-ty seals from which we get the furs that are made in-to coats and capes and caps. The place where the young seals are born is called A-las-ka, and the trade is one of great val-ue to our peo-ple. Now ma-n-y ships from oth-er na-tions used to go and kill these harm-less an-i-mals, and the Pres-i-dent thought that this must be put a stop to. He made an a-gree-ment, at last, with the Brit-ish and oth-ers to pre-vent this kill-ing of the seals in the sea. This a-gree-ment is called the Behr-ing Sea Trea-ty. An-oth-er bill was passed in Con-gress to pay the sol-diers of the North who had been hurt in the late war be-tween the North and the South more mon-ey as long as they lived. This is the Pen-sion Bill.

Two new States were let in-to the Un-ion; they were the large States in the North-west called I-da-ho and Wy-o-ming. In 1890, the peo-ple of the U-ni-ted States were count-ed, and it was found that there were a-bout six-ty-three mill-ions of souls in the coun-try. In 1880, there were only fif-ty mill-ions, and in 1870, thir-ty-nine mill-ions. At this time, the cen-ter of pop-u-la-tion is near

Greens-burg in south-ern In-di-an-a. Sev-er-al laws were passed in Con-gress to check the great im-mig-ra-tion from for-eign coun-tries; this step was tak-en be-cause ma-ny of the new-com-ers were not like-ly to be good cit-i-zens, and be-cause the free lands which the Gov-ern-ment used to give to sett-lers has all been tak-en up.

In 1891 a new par-ty was formed. It is called the "Peo-ple's Par-ty"; it asks for the free coin-age of sil-ver, the e-lec-tion of the Pres-i-dent by the peo-ple, and a change in the tar-iff from pro-tec-tive du-ties, to taxes for rev-en-ue on-ly.

Dur-ing the year 1891 we lost by death Ad-mir-al Por-ter, our nav-al hero, and Gen-er-al W. T. Sher-man, who was so fam-ous dur-ing the civ-il war by his "March to the Sea."

Pres-i-dent Har-ri-son, when his term of of-fice was end-ed, went back to his home in In-di-an-a, and re-sumed his prac-tice of the law.

In 1892 four hun-dred years had passed since Chris-to-pher Co-lum-bus first saw A-mer-i-ca, and a great show of all that the art, wealth, or work of the world could dis-play was held in the cit-y of Chi-ca-go. The Pres-i-dent went there and on Oc-to-ber 14 o-pened the World's Fair with a speech, but it was not re-all-y o-pened to the pub-lic till next year.

CHAPTER XXII.

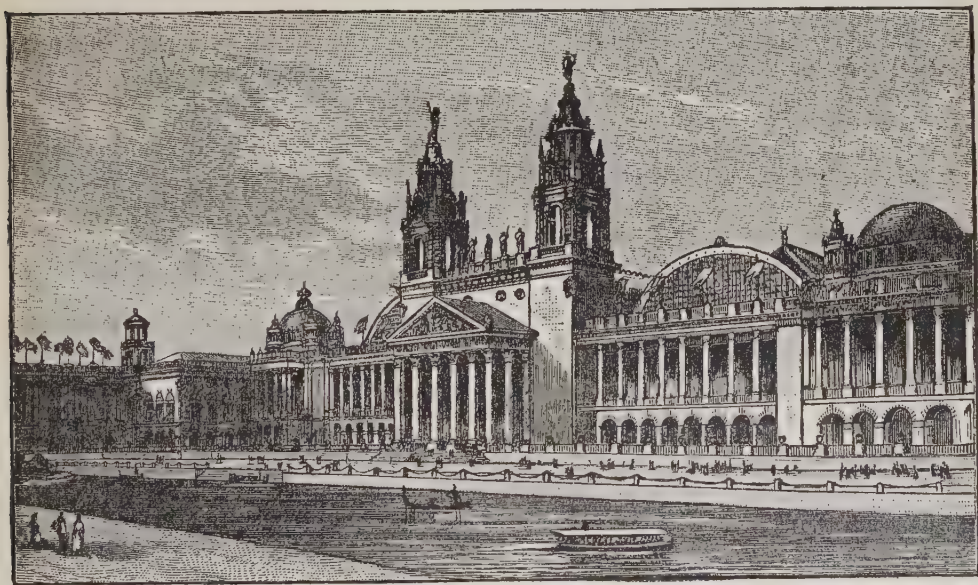
GROVER CLEVELAND.

1893 to 1897.

Gro-ver Cleve-land, who had been Pres-i-dent be-fore Har-ri-son, was a-gain made Pres-i-dent. The cry of "free trade" rang through the land, and he said that he would try to make the tax on goods brought in from a-broad less than it had been in the Mc-Kin-ley Bill.

In May the doors of the World's Fair at Chi-ca-go were o-pened. It was the larg-est and most beau-ti-ful fair that ev-er was held. It was in a park by the side of Lake Mich-i-gan, and the ground was laid out with great taste. There were great pieces of wa-ter, with ma-ny is-lands and brid-ges, and boats of all kinds, from little steam-boats to the strange-look-ing gon-do-las, that came all the way from Italy, sailed a-bout on the wa-ters. There were miles and miles of most beau-ti-ful build-ings, all of white, and filled with all sorts of rich and rare things from all parts of the globe. There were pic-tures and sta-tues with-out end, and all kinds of ma-chines, and gold and sil-ver work, and silks from the far East, and great pieces of

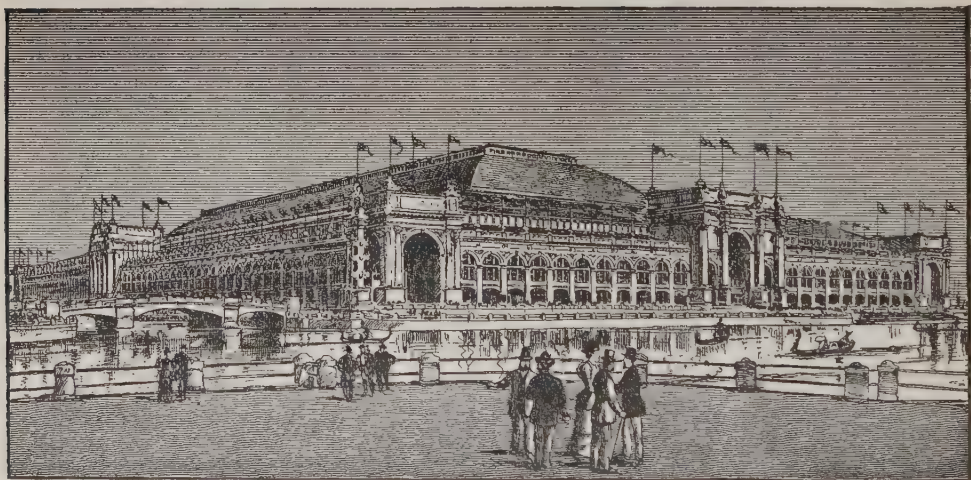
nee-dle-work, and all kinds of corn, and wheat, and bread-stuffs, and ev-er-y-thing that peo-ple eat, and ev-er-y-thing that peo-ple wear, and all kinds of wood from our trees, and gold, and coal, and i-ron, and sil-ver from our mines, and glass-ware, and all sorts of toys and dolls that strange lit-tle chil-dren, white



MA-CHIN-E-RY HALL.

and black, be-yond the seas like to play with. At night the whole place was light-ed up by thousands of lamps, of var-i-ous col-ors, that shone on the tall jets of water that sprang up in-to the air from the lit-tle lakes in the Fair grounds, while bands of mu-sic played ev-er-y-where. Al-most all

the States in the Union had each a building of its own, in which it showed what crops each of them grew, and what were the things that each of them made in their work-shops. Just outside the Fair there had been built German houses, and a village from Java, and shops kept by

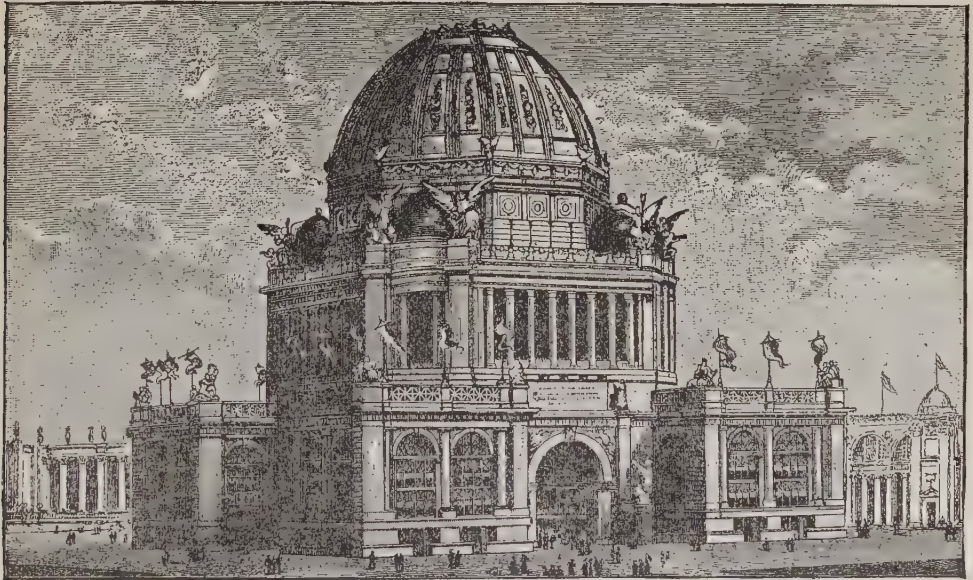


LIB-ER-AL ARTS AND MAN-U-FAC-TURES HALL.

Turks and Greeks, and a whole street from the Egyptian town of Cairo with a lot of the hump-backed, long-necked, and long-legged camels on which you could ride about just as folks do in the East. The best thing was the sight of the tame lions that rode on horses, and jumped over ropes, and did whatever their master bid them,

and played with each oth-er just like so ma-ny pus-sy cats. It will be long be-fore we see such a World's Fair a-gain.

In Con-gress a tar-iff bill was brought in to make the tax on ma-ny things low-er than it had



AD-MIN-IS-TRA-TION BUILD-ING.

been. Some peo-ple call it a “free trade” bill, and do not like it at all, as they say it will make wag-es low-er. Oth-ers like it, as they think it will let us buy at a cheap rate ma-ny things which we all use or need. Just be-fore it was brought in-to the House there was what is called a pan-ic, and pri-ces of all things fell very low, ma-ny work-shops

were shut up, and scores and scores of work-men were thrown out of work. So there was great distress in all parts of the coun-try. Ma-ny of the par-ty that had made Cleve-land Pres-i-dent turned a-gainst him now, and when he sent in-to the Sen-ate some names of men whom he wished to be made judges, the Sen-ate would not have them made. At last he named Mr. White of Lou-is-i-an-a judge of the Su-preme Court, and him the Sen-ate gave its vote for.

Far out in the Pa-cif-ic O-cean are the Sand-wich Is-lands. They had a queen, whom some of her peo-ple did not like, so they put her off her throne, and asked the U-ni-ted States to take the is-lands in-to the Un-ion. A great ma-ny people wished this to be done, as they are rich, and grow a deal of su-gar, but the Pres-i-dent has not done



QUEEN LI-LI-O-U-KA-LA-NI.

so yet, as he thinks we ought to leave oth-er coun-tries to them-selves till it is quite sure that they want to join us.

After the late war we did not build a-ny new ships of war for ma-ny years, but for the last ten years a fleet of fine new ships has been built, line of bat-tle ships, cru-is-ers, and tor-pe-do boats. They have i-ron plates on their sides to keep them safe, large guns that can throw balls for miles, and brave crews, and they can sail fast-er than oth-er ships.

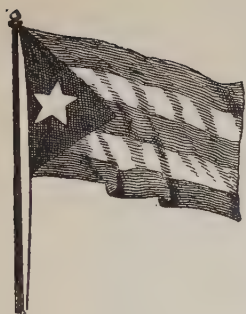
CHAPTER XXIII.

WILLIAM Mc-KIN-LEY, 1897.

PRES-I-DENT CLEVE-LAND thought that one cause of the hard times was that too much sil-ver had been bought, so a bill was passed that no more should be bought. It was thought, too, that the great crowd from Eu-rope that thronged to our shores helped to make work scarce for our own men. Those who came were poor, and some had no trade or skill to help them, so a law was passed that no one could land here that did not know how to read and write. There is a tract of land in South A-mer-i-ca which is owned by the Brit-ish. It is called Brit-ish Gui-a-na. Near it is Ven-e-zue-la, and they said Eng-land was too near—in fact, she had no right to a large tract of land that she

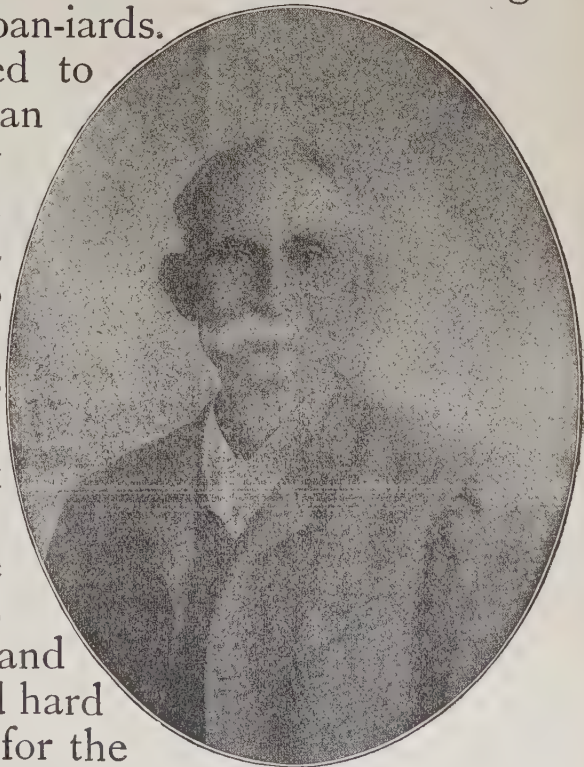
claimed. In old times the line had not been in that place at all. They said Eng-land had grabbed a piece of land as large as the State of New York, and it was rich in gold. Eng-land said it was all right, and she had no more than at first. Ven-e-zue-la said the land was hers, and called on the men of other lands, and most of all the U-ni-ted States, to help her. The U-ni-ted States and most of the lands thought it would be a good plan to choose two great and just men from Eng-land and two from the U-ni-ted States, and let them choose a fifth. Then these men would meet and look in-to the facts of the case and see who was right. But Eng-land said she knew she was right, and there was no need of any one else. This stirred up a good deal of war talk in the U-ni-ted States, for it seemed a strange thing if Eng-land could do as she chose on this side of the sea. But at last she saw things in a new light, and said she would do as those who met to search things would think was the right. And so all end-ed well.

For some time the wish for Home Rule in Cu-ba had filled the hearts of a great part of the men in that isle that lies so near the coast of Flor-i-da. They wished to be free from Span-ish rule, and to have their own men in the good places of the land. Fights went on now and then, but the Span-iards



had more men and gold, so they won. Still the Cu-bans did not give up. They were brave, and had not much to lose, for they were kept poor by the tax-es and Span-ish rule. On Feb-ru-a-ry 4th, 1895, once more the cry went forth for "free Cu-ba." This time it seemed that their hearts were in it, for they marched through the length and breadth of the land, and in some fights they beat back the Span-iards.

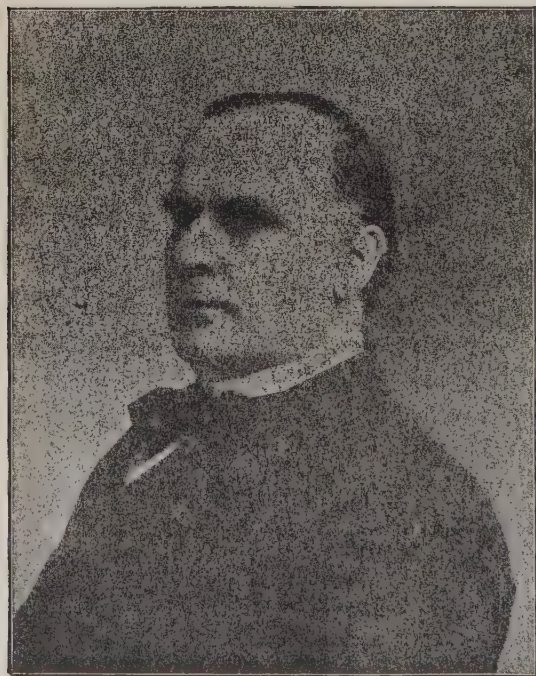
In fact, they seemed to have more luck than in past years. They had at their head Gen-er-al Go-mez, a brave old man who had once served Spain. Then Gen-er-al Ma-ce-o, a man who had some black blood in his veins, fought in a brave way; and the troops showed great pluck, and did not seem to mind hard work and poor fare, for the sake of the cause.



MAX-I-MO GO-MEZ.

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William Mc-Kinley, the choice of the Republicans, was made President by a large vote, and took the place in March, 1897. He was born in Niles, O-hi-o, and was one of a large family of nine



WILLIAM MC-KINLEY.

boys and girls. His mother had a strong mind and a clear brain. She meant to give her flock the best chance she could in life and she reared them with great good sense and thrift. It was through her that they moved to Poland, where there was a good school. When William Mc-Kinley was a boy in Poland there was a great stir on the Slave Law which said that

all slaves that had run off must be sent back to those who owned them. Now, the folk in Poland did not think it right to own slaves, and they helped all who came to them and sent them by night in-to Can-a-da. Mc-Kinley can still call back the time when the men of Poland met and vowed,

“come weal, come woe, come stripes or jail or death, we will not in this town o-bey this law, but will still give help and food to the poor slaves who have fled from their bonds.”

Will-iam Mc-Kin-ley joined the Meth-o-dist Church when he was a mere lad, and he has since lived up to the vows he took on him then. From a child he was fond of his books and quick to learn. His means were small, but he did what he could to help in what work he could find to do out of school hours. At one time he taught a school. The house where he taught still stands, and looks like a large wood-en box. It has two win-dows in front and three at the sides, while the rear is a dead wall on which the boys used to toss their balls. When the war of North and South came, it put an end to school days for Will-iam Mc-Kin-ley. In June, 1861, he joined the 23d O-hi-o troop. He was a mere boy at the time, but strong of build, with deep set gray eyes, straight black hair, and a square chin that showed strength of will. He was so brave that he rose in rank, and at the end of the war he was a Cap-tain. He had shown a will to do what was to be done at all times, and was first to take his place in time of need. He did all in the grave way in which he had learned his school tasks. No night was too dark, no sleet or hail or snow or rain could keep him back

where work was to be done. But he did not love war for its own sake, and when it came to an end he was glad to go back to his home, hang up his sword, and take up the law once more. Still he looks back on those four years, and feels that what he learned at that time is more than he could have found in books.

The Mc-Kin-leys soon moved to Can-ton, where there was more chance for a young man to make his bread at the law, and there Will-iam hung up his sign. He thought that black men had the right to vote as well as the whites, and he made his first speech for that. Men who heard that speech said it was a strong one, and the young man would make his mark in the world.

In 1869 he took for his wife Miss I-da Sax-ton, of Can-ton. Life looked bright to both as they start-ed their new home. But dark days came, for death took the two lit-tle ones that were born to them, and grief wrecked his wife's health. Each hour he could spare from his work he gave to her, to cheer her life. But she was brave and would not let her grief stand in the way of his life's work.

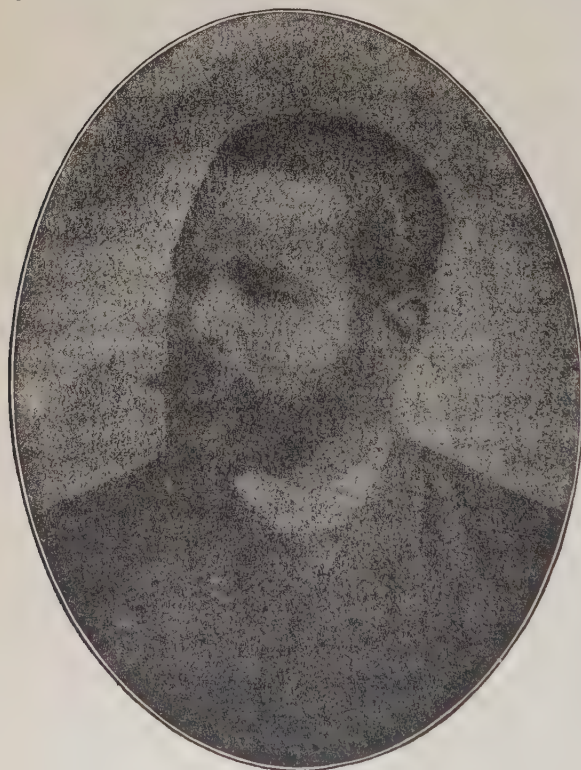
In 1877 he was sent to Con-gress, and the young man with the grave face soon showed that he had a mind of his own. He had thought much on a tax on goods brought in-to this land, and how it would help our own trades, and he had all the facts in his mind.

In his first term men did not hear much of him, but ere the close of the next he won a name for the way he could set forth his facts in ranks like troops, and hurl them at the foe. He had a good voice, he kept to his line of thought, and went straight to his point in a way that won on the minds of those who heard him. In 1891 he was made Gov-ern-or of O-hi-o.

His first speech in Con-gress was for a tax on goods brought in-to the States, and his last speech was on the same theme. He wished to keep the cheap goods of Eu-rope out and give our own a chance. He did not like Free Trade. What was called the Mc-Kin-ley bill was made law. It was a tax on all goods from Eu-rope. His thought and work showed on each page of it. He went through the States and made stump speech-es for it at the rate of sev-en speech-es a day for eight weeks. He has a clear voice and goes straight to the point, which is a great gift.

In the mean-time there was the small isle of Cu-ba near us, which could not bear the yoke of Spain. It was a rich isle, yet the Span-iards had the best places, and young men were sent out from Spain to rule the Cu-bans, and there was no end to tax-es for Spain. The folk want-ed Cu-ba for the Cu-bans, so that they should have some share in the wealth of their land, and their own young men

have as good a chance as the rest. This time the band who were for home rule seemed to have more luck than ever. In the towns the Spaniards were strong, but the rest of the land was roamed over by the rebels at will. As each party burned the crops, so they would not fall in-to the hands of the foe, you may guess that the green fields were soon a



JO-SE MA-CE-O.

waste, and there was great want in the midst of the poor folk. A large part of the men of the U-ni-ted States were for "free Cu-ba." They knew how we had hat-ed to be taxed and ruled by Eng-land, and the Span-ish rule was much worse. It seemed hard to see a land just at our doors have such woes to bear and not go to their help.

Gen. Ma-ce-o was killed. Some said he had been lured by a flag of truce and then shot by the Spaniards with

his men. Gen. Wey-ler, a man who had the name of being harsh and cruel, brought out more troops from Spain, and large sums were spent. But the rebels were not put down. Some-how, they grew and gained in strength. They knew the ground better than the Spaniards. Gen. Gomez led them well. They knew of plains where their beasts could graze, and of fields where they could plant such crops as were of quick growth, and take care of the sick. There were great salt swamps where no Spanish foot dared to tread, where the rebel was at home. Here they could be safe if the ports were shut up, while the Spaniard, whose food was sent from Spain, must feel great want.



GEN-ER-AL WEY-LER.
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When Spain had spent vast sums, and still found that Cu-ba would not yield, she sent forth a bill

which said if they would lay down their arms they should have the rights they had long want-ed. But Cu-ba could not trust Spain, and now all they want-ed was to be free. Wey-ler, who ruled the land, did not fill their hearts with faith in him. He had caused a card to be nailed up on door-posts, out in the small places, which said the folk who tilled the ground and the rest must all come near to the great towns. You see, he want-ed to keep them from join-ing the bands who were for free Cu-ba. They had to leave the homes they loved, and their fields with the crops that would have served for food, and the poor beasts that knew their voices ; they could take with them no more than they could just bear on their backs. Worse than all, they had to see their poor homes go up in flames. They had to put up palm-leaf huts, and they grew sick or died from want of food. Some would go in-to the streets of the towns and beg for a bit of bread, or what was left on the plates in eat-ing houses. If they dared to stray out in the fields to dig for roots to eat they were shot down. Then the Span-iards sent away thou-sands of the best men of the Cu-bans. They made them go on ships to land held by Spain in Af-ri-ca. These places were in swamps, where no one could have good health, so those who were sent for the most part died. It seemed as if Spain

wished to wipe out Cu-ba. The cries and groans of this poor folk seemed so near that we could hear them. We were free, and it was hard not to help these slaves. It was time to act. But the President still hoped to keep the peace and get Spain to stop the war. At last a blow was struck that



U. S. S. MAINE,

was like a bolt in a clear sky. The "Maine," one of our war ships that lay in the bay at Ha-van-a, was blown up by a bomb. All hearts, through the length and breadth of the land, were stirred by this news and the thought of the poor boys who had been sent from sleep to death. "Re-mem-ber the Maine" grew to be a war cry. For it was found

by those who searched that the ship had been blown



AD-MI-RAL DEW-EY.

up from the out-side, so that some foe must have

done it. And there were no foes to us there but the Span-iard. Spain was once more told that she must stop the fight, which meant that Cu-ba must be free. But she said she would fight to the death first. So war came on 21st of A-pril, 1898, and a call was made for troops. Each State sent men at this call. Camps sprang up here and there, and rows of white tents were seen. Here the boys were drilled and taught how to hold their guns, and fire. When the news went forth that there was to be war with Spain, it chanced that Ad-mi-ral Dew-ey with some war ships was at Hong-Kong. He heard that the Span-ish fleet was in Ma-ni-la Bay at the



BAT-TLE OF MA-NI-LA.

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Phi-lip-pine isles not far off. These isles are ruled by Spain. So he steered his ships there to see if he could strike a blow for his land. It was night

when they reached the place, and the moon shone, so that they feared they would be seen; but six ships passed the forts. Then a fierce fire was sent out, but it did not do much harm to the ships. By the clear light of the moon they saw the Span-ish fleet at last. They fired on our ships, but the O-lym-pi-a sent out a hail of six-pound shells that crushed the first boat and killed all on board. Then the Rei-na Chris-ti-na was fired and sank. The war ship Bal-ti-more did great work. At last they could see, through the fire and smoke, the hulks of the Span-ish war ships strewn with the dead and wound-ed. The fight last-ed two hours, and all that time shot and shell fell fast, but did not harm the ships much, as the Span-iards did not take good aim. When the good news of this fight reached home, you may think what joy filled all hearts, and how the name of Ad-mi-ral Dew-ey was cheered.

In June, a force of ships and troops were sent to San-ti-a-go. This town is the old-est in Cu-ba, and Mor-ro Cas-tle is on a height five miles from it, on the east side of the bay. The coast is rough, and the Span-ish fleet were shut up in the bay. How could they be locked up there so they could not get out? If a large ship could be sunk there, so that none could go past, that would be a great blow to the Span-iards we thought. We had a great

ship for coal called the Mer-ri-mac; Lieut. Hob-son was in charge of her, and he said he would take her where the bay was not wide, and blow her up, so that she would sink. This was a brave thing to do, but he found man-y men who want-ed to go with him. These men all risked their lives in the good cause. They did not know that they could get out of the way when the bomb burst. So they steamed in while the Span-ish forts kept up a hot fire on them all the time. But though shot and shell fell fast, they steered their way in, then swung the ship round, and made her fast. Then Lieut. Hob-son fixed the bomb so that it would go off soon, and then he and his brave men jumped for their lives. He took a whale-boat with him that he meant to use,



LIEUT. R. P. HOB-SON.

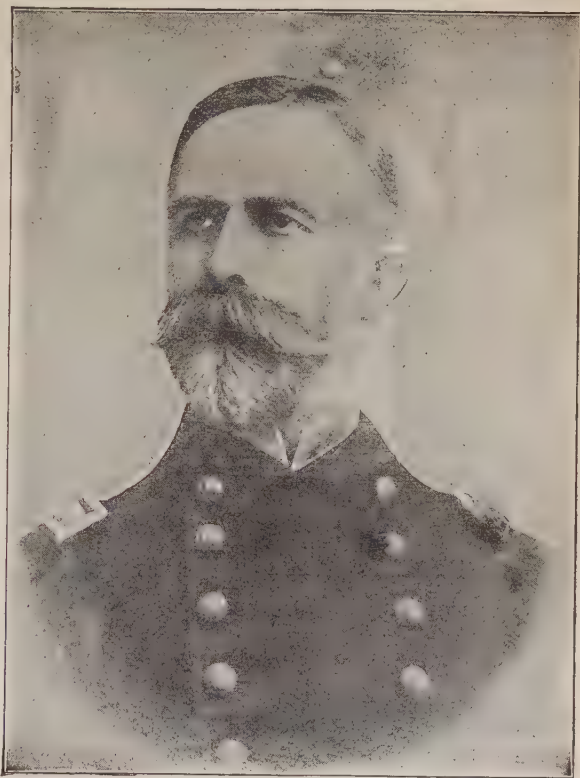
but that must have been shot to pieces. So they had to take an old boat that was slung on the ship's side, and it just drift-ed to a place on the shore, where the Span-iards got them all. The bomb had gone off all right, though, and the Mer-ri-mac was sunk, so that the Span-ish fleet was locked up in the bay. Our fleet was wild with joy at the news, though all wished that Lieut. Hob-son and his men had come back. The Span-ish Ad-mi-ral was so struck with the brave act of these men, that he sent a flag of truce to tell Ad-mi-ral Samp-son that they had not lost their lives. He said, too, that they might be changed for sev-en Span-iards that were in A-mer-i-can hands; but they were slow to keep their word, and Gen. Blan-co said, "If you want Hob-son, come to Ha-van-a and take him." In the mean-time he was kept in or near Mor-ro Cas-tle. Per-haps the Span-iards thought they could hold their cas-tle safe if Hob-son were put in it. Then the A-mer-i-cans would not fire on it.

The news of this brave act was flashed o-ver the wires through the land, and all hearts thrilled at the thought of it.

On June the 6th Ad-mi-ral Samp-son fired on the forts at San-ti-a-go. The Span-iards had worked hard to mend the breaks made by Schley and make them strong once more. At six o'clock the word

went forth to clear the decks, and the men sprang to their places. The lines of ships were formed six miles from the shore. The first fire showed good aim. The men's hearts were in their work. The Spaniards' aim was not so good. Shot and shell were hurled at their forts for an hour and did great harm. The shells could be seen as they burst. When they struck, a great roar was heard. They could see through the clouds of dust men and guns blown high in the air. Castle Mor-ro was seen to be torn and rent with great holes. The men did not stop till all the forts save the Mor-ro were silent. They wanted to go on, for they liked the work.

The first troops to land on Cu-ban soil did so at Cai-ma-ne-ra on June 10th. There was a place



AD-MI-RAL SAMP-SON.

there where news could be sent through a cable, and they wished to hold it. Spaniards were hid in all the bushes, and they could make their way near and not be seen. They could fire on the small camp and then dart back to the bush. They kept this up all night, till the Marble-head fired on them. Then they fled. They dragged off their dead, but the ground was splashed with blood. Four of our men were killed. Search-lights were thrown out from the war ships, which came back from time to time. In a fair fight they would have had no chance, but they skulked in the bush, where our men could not get at them. They gave the poor men in the camp no rest night or day. The bush was shelled, then they tried to set fire to it, but it was too damp to burn. Cubans took part in this fight, and showed that they had no fear. It was thought best to move this camp, as it was on the ridge of a hill—a fair mark for shots. It was moved to the foot of the hill, and the tents were not put up. At last the men formed in four squads to beat up the bush. They drove out the Spaniards hid there, and many they killed. Some they took and brought back with them. The Dolphin helped in the good work. When there was a chance she sent four-inch shells on the foe. The Spaniards were brave, too, but in the end they were whipped.

Next our men marched to the block-house and put to rout the guard there. Our men were worn out, as some of them had not had sleep for three days and nights. The heat, too, was hard to bear, and they had to cut their way through a rank growth of plants. Some dropped on the ground, they were so tired. The Cu-bans drove out what was left of the foe. They did not seem to know what fear was, and did not mind in the least the balls that rained on them. The Span-iards would cry as they ran, "Don't kill us, broth-ers!" but the Cu-bans cried, "Free Cu-ba!" and "Long live the A-mer-i-cans."

At San-ti-a-go, on the 13th of June, the ship *Vesuvius*, which can send out dy-na-mite, crept up near the Span-ish ships and poured out a fierce fire on them. Then it went to the west side and fired three shots. There was a great roar, not much flame, but the earth was blown straight up in the air to a great height.

On June 24th some troops were sent on to clear the way to San-ti-a-go. A band of men who were called *Roosevelt's Rough Riders* were the first to go. Troops of Spain were hid in the tall grass, and all at once a fierce fire was poured out on our men. They could not see the foe. *Cols. Wood and Roosevelt* showed great pluck as they rode on through this fire, and at last drove the foe back; but there

was great loss of life. These rough riders are known for their dash and pluck. They rush on in the thick of a fight and want to be first in the fray. On Ju-ly 3d our troops had crept up ver-y near San-ti-a-go, but the Span-iards had made the place as strong as they could with great trench-es all round. They fought in these trench-es, but our men drove them back step by step. The line of fight was five miles long. The heat was fierce, but the men did not seem to think of it. The loss of life was great, and the fight went on from dawn till dark. Then the men dropped on the ground and slept on their arms. The next day the fight went on once more, and a band of our men took the fort of San Ju-an. The Span-iards fell back, but still kept up the fight.

On Ju-ly 3d the Span-ish fleet tried to sail out from San-ti-a-go. Ad-mi-ral Cer-ver-a saw that all was lost on land, and he thought he would try to save what he could by sea. So the Span-ish ships sailed out in line. They did their best to get off, but they were seen, and a shot fired by the Brook-lyn brought all the men on deck at once. The Span-ish ships used their guns, and tongues of fire dart-ed from the A-mer-i-can fleet. All was noise and smoke and flame, and in one hour eve-ry Span-ish ship but the Cris-to-bal Co-lon was on fire.

That was a swift ship, and she got off a score of miles. Then when they were chased, they saw they must give up, and they took down the flag and ran the ship to shore. The Ad-mi-ral and his men fell in-to the hands of the A-mer-i-cans. Not one A-mer-i-can ship was hurt, and but one man killed, while the fleet of Spain burned on, or sank by the sweep of the waves more and more in-to the sand.

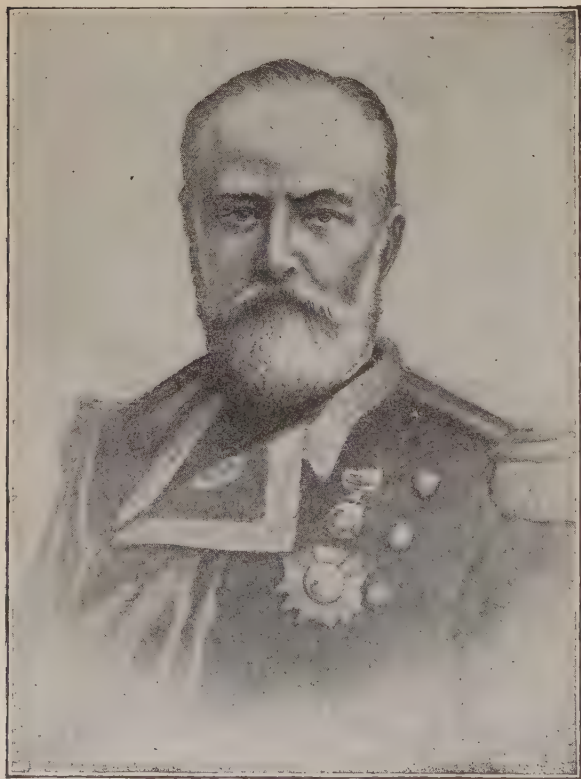
We have good cause to be proud of our ships and the men who work them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LAST GUN FIRED.

It was plain to be seen that with their fleet wrecked the Span-iards could not hold out long. It was known that food was scarce in the town of San-ti-a-go, so Gen-er-al Shaf-ter sent to Gen-er-al Tor-al, who was at the head of the Span-ish troops there, to ask him to give up the fight and lay down his arms. Gen-er-al Tor-al said if they would let him and all his troops go out free with their arms he would give up. But Gen-er-al Shaf-ter would not do this, for then the troops could fight in some other place. He said they must lay down their arms. Gen-er-al

Tor-al would not yield, and so Gen-er-al Shaf-ter said if this was not done he would lay siege to the town. He would send shot and shell on it from the boats at sea, and at the same time the land forces would move on it.



AD-MI-RAL CER-VER-A.

Gen-er-al Tor-al kept up the white flag and asked for a few days to send the sick and the aged and the lit-tle ones out of the town. This Gen-er-al Shaf-ter let him do, and crowds of half-starved people were glad to get out where there was a chance to get food. The A-mer-i-cans were kind to these poor folks, and gave them a share of what they had to eat.

Gen-er-al Shaf-ter used the time he had to wait in a good way. He made the lines more strong, built bridg-es on the streams, mend-ed roads and placed the great guns at just the best points. All was in

good shape for a fight, if one had to take place.

On Ju-ly 10th Gen-er-al Shaf-ter sent word to Gen-er-al Tor-al that the truce was o-ver. At five o'clock the *Brook-lyn* and more ships sent out shot and shell. But they were five miles from the town, and did not do much harm. They soon found the right range and threw their shells into the town. The Span-ish earth-works out-side the town were fired on at the same time by the land forces.

On the 11th the fire from the ships kept on. The Span-iards knew there was no hope, but they had to wait to hear from Ma-drid. On the



GEN-ER-AL SHAF-TER.

13th Gen-er-al Shaf-ter met Gen-er-al Tor-al and they had a long talk. Gen-er-al Miles, who had just come to take charge of the troops, had word from Wash-ing-ton that the U-ni-ted States would

send the Span-ish troops in San-ti-a-go back to Spain and pay the cost. Gen-er-al Tor-al was glad to take these terms. So the troops marched out and laid down their arms. They had some hope that they would get them again, but that could not be done.



GEN-ER-AL MILES.

It was well known that there was great need of food in San-ti-a-go, and the people were in a half-starved state. So Gen-er-al Shaf-ter let a ship from the Red Cross go first up to the town. The Red Cross is the name of a band of good women who go where there is need of nurses for the sick.

When there is a war they go to take care of the wound-ed, and they have done their good work in all parts of the world. When the A-mer-i-cans took San-ti-a-go Miss Clara Bar-ton, who was at the head of the Red Cross band,

asked, "Can the Red Cross go in with the troops and take food?" Gen-er-al Shaf-ter said, "The Red Cross can go first."

So the Red Cross ship, the *Tex-as*, was the first to steam up the bay. As they neared the town all joined in the hymn "Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow," and then "My coun-try 'tis of thee" rang out on the air.

Oh, what joy these notes brought to the sick and faint on land! Not that they knew all they meant, but they felt that help was at hand. Some got tug-boats to go out and meet the ship. They could not wait for it to come in. They had lived on rice for weeks, and that was scarce, too. The crowd on the shore cheered and waved their hands. Old men wept for joy.

And when Ju-ly 17th came, and the A-mer-i-can flag was raised on the pal-ace in San-ti-a-go, there seemed to be great joy in the town. It was a bright day, and the sun shone on the crowd in the Pla-za and on ranks of troops who had marched there with their flags. The drums beat, the bands played "Hail Co-lum-bi-a" and such airs, the great guns boomed from the bay, and loud cheers went up from the throats of the crowd.

Gen-er-al Miles left San-ti-a-go in charge of troops to take Por-to Ri-co. It was made known that this

isle would be kept by the U-ni-ted Stâtes. Por-to Ri-co has long been known as the gem of the Antilles. San Juan is its chief town. The soil of this isle is so rich that the folks do not have to work hard to get a crop. Each man has his piece of land. Fine woods are there, and green hills, and bright streams full of fish. The folk were not fond of Spain, but they worked on their farms and kept the peace for the most part. There were some slaves, but they could pay a sum and get free at a low price, so that few are left. San Juan stands on the north-west, on a tongue of land that reach-es out in the bay. It has strong walls of stone round it and forts near by. The streets are not wide. Most of the houses are low, but there are some fine ones. Though they are plain and dull from the street, there are some that have court-yards full of palms and plants rich in bloom.

Gen-er-al Miles land-ed his troops near Ponce, which is one of the large towns. The Span-ish left the south part of the isle as the A-mer-i-cans moved on. Gun-boats went to the port of Ponce, and the folks hailed the flag with joy. They met the troops with cheers, as if they were long-lost friends, and load-ed them with gifts. They did not like to own that they were Span-iards, but said they would soon learn "to speak A-mer-i-can." They were glad to

have the Stars and Stripes wave over their town.

There is a straight road from Ponce to San Juan, and as Gen-er-al Miles went on he was greet-ed by the folk with joy. There were some small fights with the Span-iards, but they did not check the march of the troops. But Gen-er-al Brooks had his lines formed at Guay-a-mo and the guns were trained on the foe when the news of peace came. Spain had grown tired of the war. Her fleets were gone and she could have no more hope. It was best to make as good terms as she could.

But it takes a long time for news to go from this land to the Phil-ip-pine isles. So Ad-mi-ral Dew-ey did not know of the peace, and he struck the last blow of the war. He had the help of Gen-er-al Mer-ritt and his troops. There was some loss from the fire sent by Span-ish troops at night. On Au-gust 7th word was sent to the head man in charge at Ma-ni-la to say that he could have two days in which to send out all who could not fight. Then if he did not give up the A-mer-i-cans would fire on the town. No one was killed on the ships, and on land but twelve men were lost on the A-mer-i-can side. The last gun had been fired. Peace had come!

Ma-ni-la is the chief town of the Phil-ip-pines. It is on the west coast of the isle of Lu-zon. The bay

is so large and fine that it is said the ships of the world could find a place there. It is built with walls and moats, like the towns of old time. Earthquakes have cracked the walls, and shocks still come now and then. The houses are of wood, built low, and have roofs of thatch. There is no glass in the windows, but a kind of shell, to keep out the glare of the sun. There are six hundred isles in the Philip-pines; and there is but one rail-road. All these isles have mountains, some of great height. There are fine trees and the land is rich—the streams swarm with fish. The chief food is rice, but they can raise sugar, hemp, maize and most kinds of crops, with small toil. Some kinds of fruits grow there wild. There is a tribe of Ma-lays there who are wild and fierce. There are black men and some half Span-ish folk. Spain did not do much to teach the folk of the Philip-pines or to help them. But she taxed them and made each man give a month's work free for the land. If they could not pay up when Spain sent to raise loans, they were treated in a harsh way. Men were killed on both sides, and so all through the land bands of men armed to fight the Span-iards. Spain fought these wild tribes in their own way, and some were burned or cut to pieces. Part of them chose a man named A-guin-al-do for Pres-i-dent, and they seemed glad to have

the A-mer-i-cans come to free them from Spain. Once that was done they thought they ought to get out.

As a large class of folk in Ha-wai-i had long wished that isle to be joined to the U-ni-ted States, Pres-i-dent Mc-Kin-ley called Con-gress and put it to a vote. The most of the votes were that she might come in. Then the Pres-i-dent chose men to go there to take the news and make laws for the isle. A boat named the *Cop-tic* was sent. She was a gay sight as she steamed up the bay, for she was decked with yards and yards of white, red and blue—flags streamed from all parts of her. Such cheers rang out as she came in sight! Old men and chil-dren went wild with joy, and all seemed to feel that a new dawn of hope and peace had come to them. Hon-o-lu-lu, the chief town, rang all her bells, the band played A-mer-i-can airs, and the great guns boomed from the bay.

For some cause France had from the first of the war shown no good will to the A-mer-i-cans. So when Spain thought of peace she turned to France as a friend. A French man, M. Cam-bon, was asked to see Pres-i-dent Mc-Kin-ley on terms for peace.

These were the terms:

That Spain should give up all claim and all rights to Cuba.

That she should give up Por-to Ri-co and all the rest of the An-tilles group to the A-mer-i-cans.

That the A-mer-i-cans should keep Ma-ni-la and its port till peace was signed, and that the fate of the Phil-ip-pines should be fixed at that time.

That the U-ni-ted States should choose one of the La-drones to keep.

It was fixed that Pres-i-dent Mc-Kin-ley should choose five good men and true to go to Par-is and meet five Span-iards to talk o-ver the terms of peace. The five men sailed on Sept. 18th, and some weeks were spent in talks with the Span-iards, who tried to get the best terms they could. They clung to the Phil-ip-pines for a time, and it was hard for them to give them up. But the A-mer-i-cans held their own. The flag of the free had been raised there, and it could not be hauled down. So each point was yielded, and the men came home with joy. It was felt that they had done their work well.

On De-cem-ber Pres-i-dent Mc-Kin-ley made a tour through the South-ern States. He was greet-ed with kind words, and the speech-es he made seemed to go straight to the heart of the folks there. He said that the brave way in which the South had fought side by side with the North in the late war would be a tie to bind them more close-ly for all time. The war had joined them and made them one.

These speech-es made Pres-i-dent Mc-Kin-ley a host of friends in the South.

In the West, part of a tribe of In-di-ans thought they had wrongs, and they did not choose to go to the lands given them. They clung to their old homes and said they had been cheat-ed. They said they did not get their share of the price for which the wood off their land was sold. They seemed in a bad mood, and went and hid on an isle at Looch Lake. Some troops went and camped there. As they spread out their meal to eat, some one set off a gun by chance. At this sound the whole woods seemed on fire. In-di-ans who lurked there sprang out on all sides. Some of the whites were killed, but the troops soon ended the fray.

On Jan. 1st, 1899, the end of the rule of Spain came to Cu-ba. The Cu-bans had long felt vexed that all Span-iards had not at once been turned out when peace was signed. But it took time for such great moves to be made. There was some fear that the joy of the Cu-bans might break loose in wild acts, but all passed off well. In the square in front of the Pal-ace, in Ha-va-na, the A-mer-i-can troops were drawn up. Gen-er-al Cas-tel-la-nos, who had ruled there, met the men sent to meet him in the main hall. He said that he now gave up Cu-ba to the U-ni-ted States. He had been told to do so by his Queen

and the young King of Spain, as that was one of the terms of peace.

Just then the flag of Spain, which had waved o-ver Cu-ba for 400 years, was hauled down from the Pal-ace, from Mor-ro Cas-tle and from all the chief build-ings of the town. Gen-er-al Cas-tel-la-nos shed tears as the flag of his land sank from view. He said, "I have lost fights, I have seen death near me more than once, but I have never felt so sad as I do now."

As he left the Pal-ace, guns were fired and the A-mer-i-can band played a Span-ish march. When the Span-ish flag was hauled down the Stars and Stripes went up. A roar from the guns greeted it. The band played "My coun-try 'tis of thee," which brought out a burst of cheers from the crowd. Cu-ban flags waved on some of the houses. Cheers from the Cu-bans for Mc-Kin-ley and free Cu-ba told of the joy they felt as they saw the dream of years had come to pass.

When the Cu-ban gen-er-als came to bid Gen-er-al Brook good-bye, he thanked them for the brave help they had given in the war. They told him how much they felt for what the U-ni-ted States had done for their land, and said they would do all they could to help the new dawn of peace and good will in Cu-ba.

And may the same peace and light come to the Phil-ip-pines—those far-off isles of the East. With our flag over them may they learn that we are true friends, who seek to raise them, not to rule them. May they find the Stars and Stripes a shield from their foes, and learn to trust and love it as those who were born under its starry folds.

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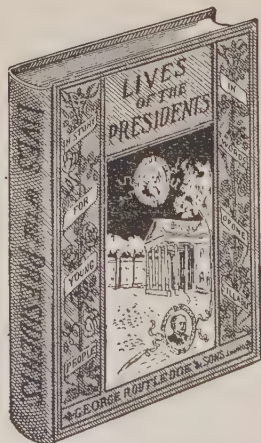


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